Saturday Review

DECEMBER 2, 1961 / 25¢

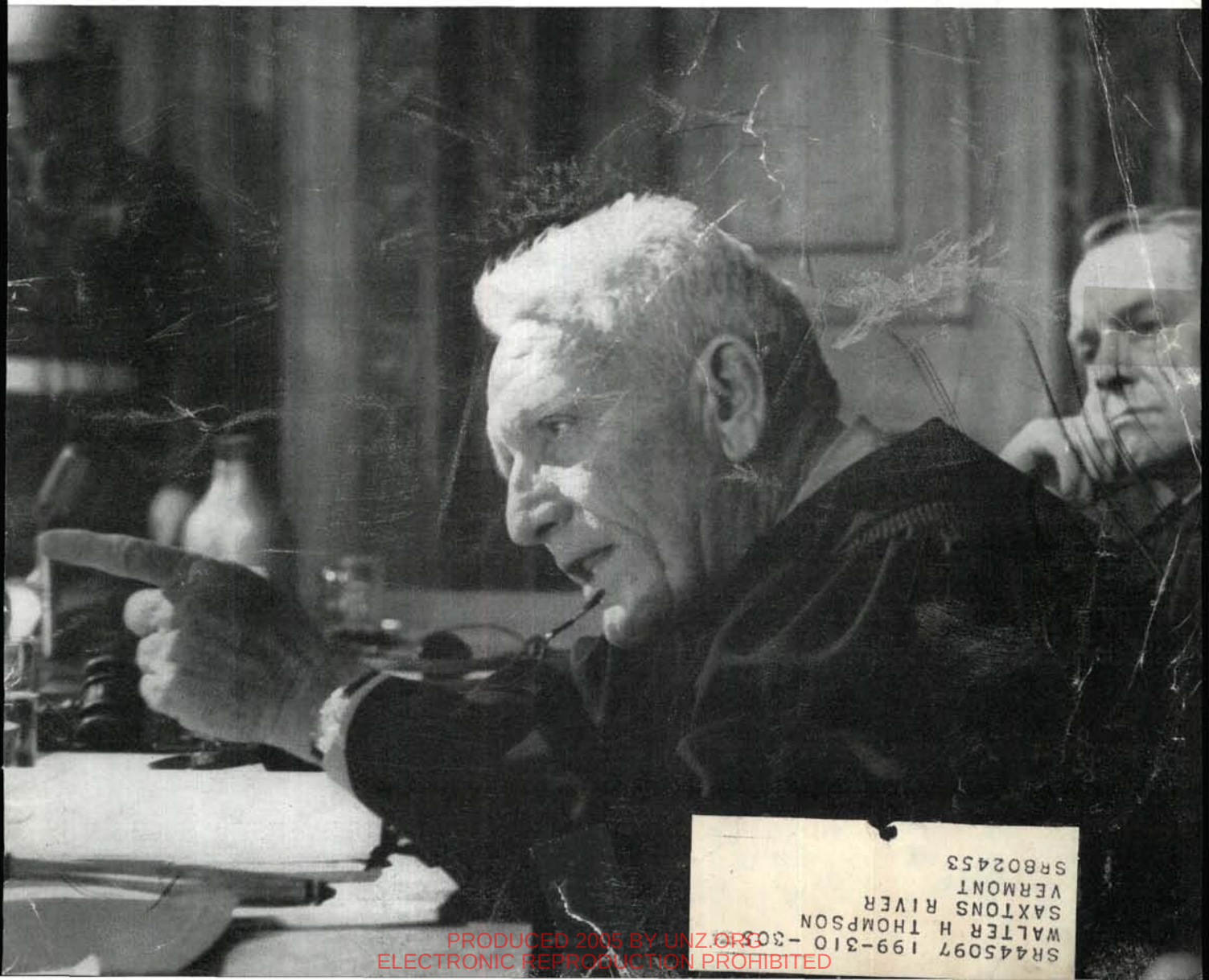
SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE BUSINESS OF GIVING

By John Lear

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR VARIED TASTES

Spencer Tracy in "Judgment at Nuremberg" (See Movies)



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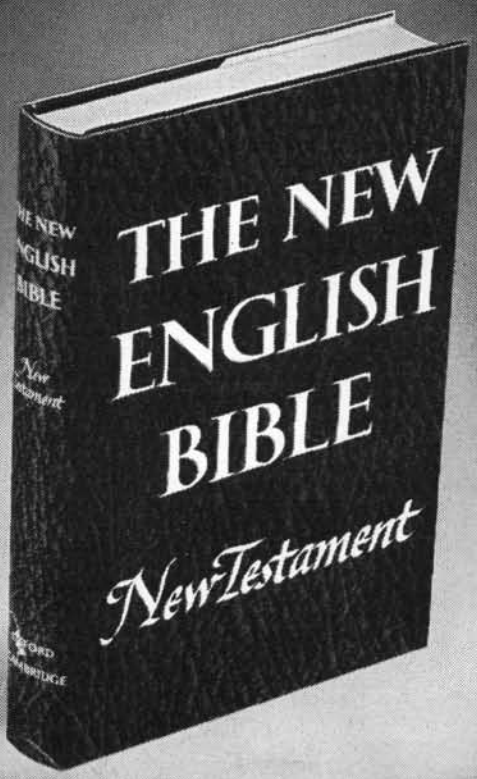

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THE OLD MEN AT THE ZOO
by Angus Wilson

THE VIKING PRESS At all booksellers

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(Advertisement)

Is this the time when the urge to rub somebody out occasionally threatens your Christmas spirit? A good murder can go a long way toward relieving tension.

I speak, of course, of the Crime Club, and their wares. At least fourteen characters have been done in this year by their excellent writers —the urbane Manning Coles; Arthur Upfield, in his charming subtle style; the husband and wife team, The Gordons, who apparently work off ordinary domestic friction by expert stories of police techniques; by gentle and menacing Doris Miles Disney; by the incomparable, innumerable Simenon. John Creasy has been at work using the alias of "Gordon Ashe," and as "Anthony Morton," also has a new novel titled *Deaf, Dumb, and Blonde.*

Naturally, Doubleday's Crime Club is run by two genteel ladies. One, a senior editor, has a logical mind, impeccable taste and judgment. The other, tall, smart, and blonde, is the kind of dame you can send out to crack a tough author or straighten out a rough manuscript. Neither is given to vices, although their impatience with oversexed, stupidly violent manuscripts is almost lethal.

Read or give *3 Cases for Mr. Campion,* by the distinguished Margery Allingham. Or *Chronicle of a Crime,* the manhunt for Larry Lord Motherwell, who wooed, wed and slew his bride, a woman of 72 —no less frightening because it's true.

What more fitting way to end it all (the year, I mean) than by giving a blood relative a relatively bloody token of your steam?

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Hardbound books make inconspicuous blunt instruments. Those above are published for the Crime Club by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York and may be purchased at most leading bookstores, including any of the 30 Doubleday Shops—in any store, that is, where the body is still warm.

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 2, 1961

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A summer's sojourn in the ancient Italian hill towns — Aosta, Lucca, Orvieto, Assisi, and others — capturing for the reader their unique essence. *Photos. Sloane. $4.00*

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Gardner

HOVERING OVER BAJA

The author and his adventurous gang return to that mysterious land of Lower California, exploring by helicopter in areas long undisturbed by man. Exciting personal adventure. *Photos. Morrow. $6.00*

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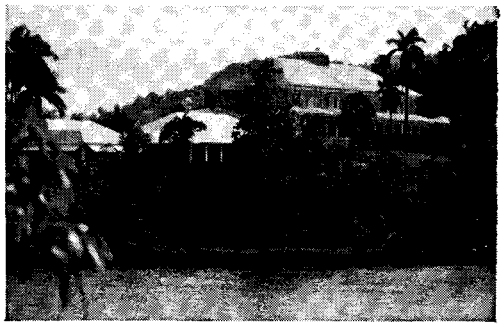
EXCLUSIVE CLUBHOUSES—YOURS TO USE

as a member of this international club

The first two of several clubhouses exclusively for Islands in the Sun Club members are now open. One is located in The Jamaica Reef Hotel (shown)—formerly owned by Errol Flynn—in Port Antonio, Jamaica; the other in Marigot Bay, Marigot Yacht Haven, St. Lucia. Members and their families enjoy 10% discount on all services—spacious rooms, superb food, excellent bar, both salt and fresh pools, deep-sea fishing, sailing, water skiing, riding. Other clubhouses about to be opened in the Bahamas and Sardinia. Admittance by membership card only.



Where Cruise Ships Seldom Anchor

"*Islands in the Sun*" club members receive regular reports on unspoiled, little-known isles in the Mediterranean, the Pacific and Caribbean. Islands such as Antigua, Barbuda, Moorea, Grand Cayman—all largely unexplored and unexploited by commercial interests.

This club is, as the *New York Times* reports, "a service for non-conformist travelers, including the armchair tourist." It was begun expressly for those jaded by the over-crowded, over-priced and over-publicized vacation centers.

You are introduced to some of the world's loveliest, off-the-beaten-path islands, unknown even to many travel agents. Tropical ports where the startlingly low cost of food, lodging and entertainment makes your visit completely practical

Candor Is The Keynote

The reporting in "*Islands in the Sun*" is as unusual as the isles it covers. You can expect more spice and less sugar than the normal fare of tourist magazines. And none of the usual fuchsia clichés. Because "*Islands in the Sun*" makes no attempt to sell anything, our authors make no effort to color their reports. (Admits author Dorothy Wheelock in the Club's report on St. Lucia: "When you live on an island, you exchange an ambiguous set of irritations for the rigid ones at home. But at least you're warm while experiencing them.") They reveal the bad (St. Lucian coffee) and the beautiful (her beaches) with equal frankness.

FREE! Permanent Volume bound in fine linen is yours with trial membership. Contains over 100 pages, over 150 photographs covering many unspoiled tropical isles. A $7.00 value collector's item.

Fascinating, Useful, Informative

"*Islands in the Sun*" Reports are designed to be *used*, not just read. Among our latest issues you'll find such varied information as:

- ...real estate opportunities (Item: the 170-acre private island empire of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn)
- ...business prospects, taxes and land costs
- ...a recipe for island vegetable salad
- ...amusements, activities, night life
- ...transportation, lodging, political climate

In short, there's all the information the vacationer, retired person or businessman will need. Information not to be found in any other source.

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In addition to the reports, members are entitled to clubhouse privileges and discounts, free travel service and a choice of tours at reduced rates. These services will repay the cost of membership many times over.

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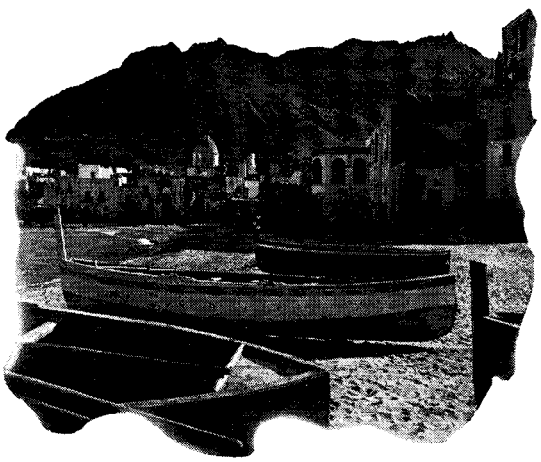
Rock Hudson | Duke of Bedford | John Gavin



Author Shirley Elizabeth Warren reports on the island of Ischia to members of *Islands in the Sun Club*.

"One resident sees Ischia as a battlefield between good and evil. The hot, neurotic sirocco blows its soft call to madness for days on end, until even old peasant women, long trained to patience, suddenly begin screaming without cause and have to be taken away for quieting treatment. Elsewhere on the island, visitors bathe in Ischia's miraculous healing waters, said to cure anything from sterility to baldness—and too often effective to permit one to scoff."

ISLANDS IN THE SUN CLUB SR-12-1
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☐ I have enclosed my check for $15 for a year's membership. Please send me 12 monthly reports on exotic islands of the world and a free copy of your $7.00 linen-bound volume on many unspoiled islands.

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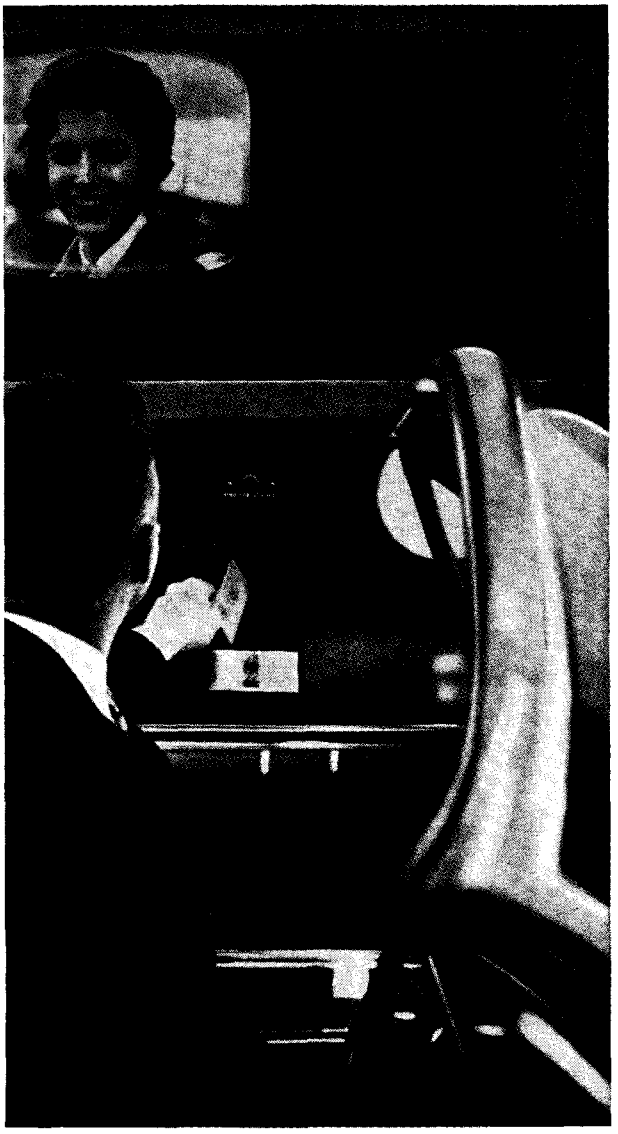

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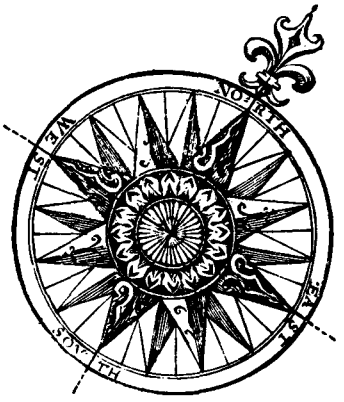

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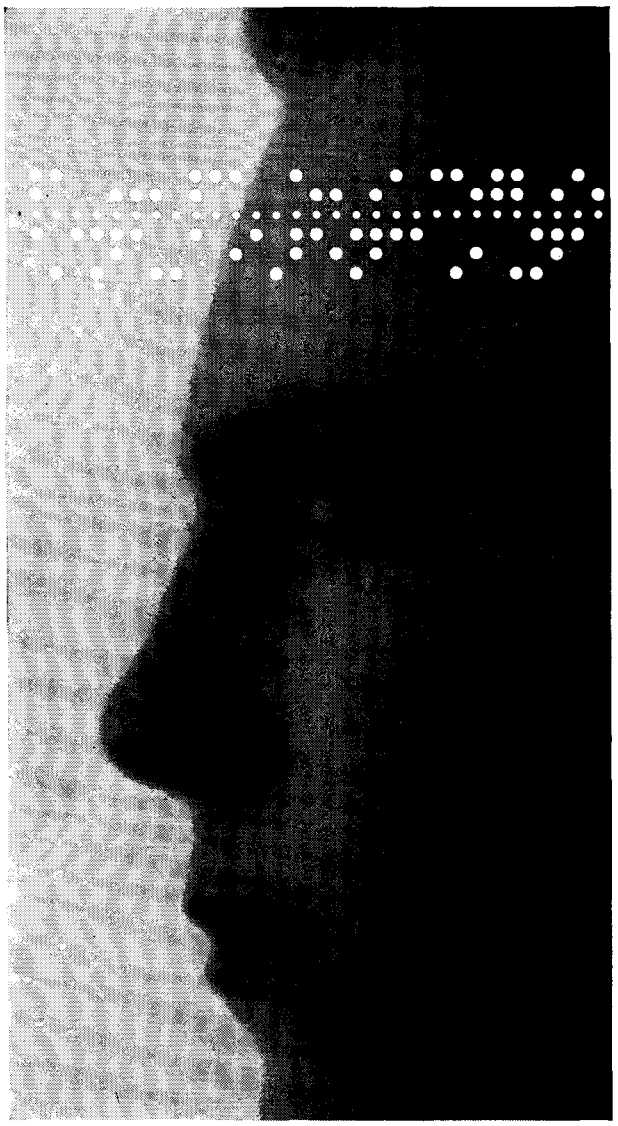

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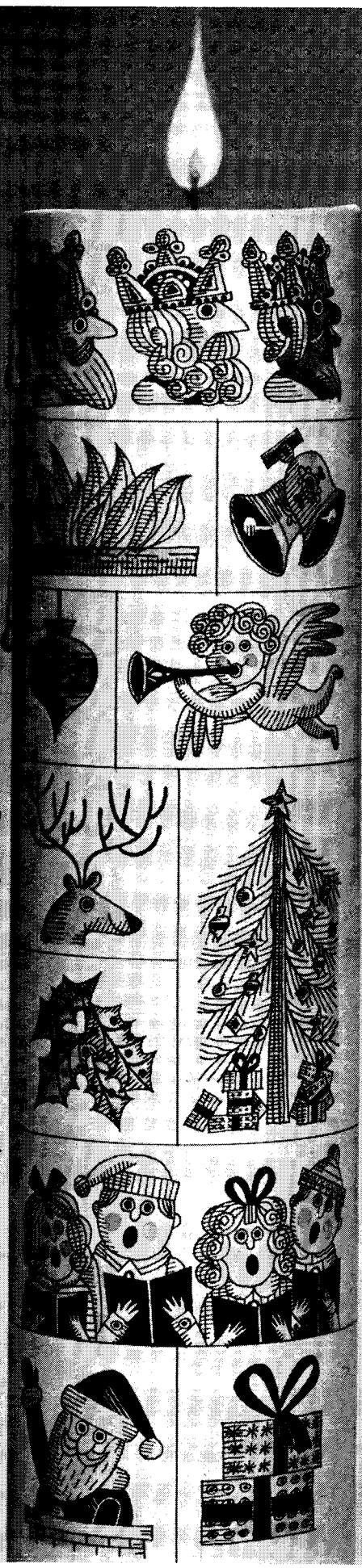

How old is a tradition?

In a few short years, television—bearer of tidings near and far—has become part of the tradition of the holiday season.

Millions of families, at Christmas time, now share in the solemnity of great cathedral services, the poignancy of "Amahl and the Night Visitors," the gladness of "The Wizard of Oz."

Through all the seasons of the year, television illuminates tradition, enlivens routine, and challenges the mind to new awareness of our past, present, and future. For a sampling of holiday celebration on television—and for a broad range of rewarding entertainment and information—watch for the programs in the accompanying listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Some Programs for the Holidays

Protestant and Catholic Services
Sunday, December 24 (11:15 PM-1 AM)

Amahl and the Night Visitors
Sunday, December 24 (4-5 PM)

The Coming of Christ
Art treasures interpret the Nativity.
Wednesday, December 20 (8:30-9 PM)

The First Candle
Children enact the Hanukkah story.
Sunday, December 3 (10-10:30 AM)

The Eternal Light
Hanukkah lamps from Biblical times.
Sunday, December 10 (1:30-2 PM)

A Joyful Noise
Christmas music; Leonard Bernstein.
Thursday, December 14 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Wizard of Oz
The MGM movie starring Judy Garland.
Sunday, December 10 (6-8 PM)

Enchanted Nutcracker
Based on Tchaikovsky's classic.
Saturday, December 23 (7:30-8:30 PM)

A Trip to Christmas
New York City Ballet; Schola Cantorum.
Friday, December 22 (9:30-10:30 PM)

A Child's Christmas in Wales
Adaptation of a story by Dylan Thomas.
Sunday, December 24 (11-11:30 AM)

Christmas at the Paris Circus
Friday, December 22 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir
Sunday, December 31 (3-4 PM)

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

THESE are the days when, in many areas, there seems to be precious little respect for deadlines—on newsbreaks, on future releases, on books published or, for that matter, sold. During the last sad weeks of Sam Rayburn's life, however, the pre-obituaries and the grim, graphic medical details seemed to reach about the all-time low in this regard. Apparently nowadays we're not above breaking the deadline on death itself.

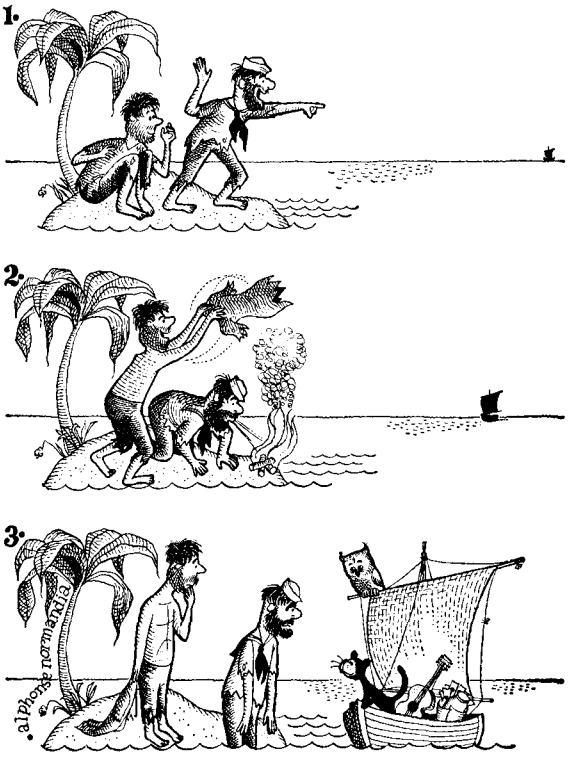
• • •

New York was not only flooded by bogus $10 bills during the month, it was also flooded by a strange rumor—that the U.S. Government had taken the motto "In God We Trust" off the lowly $1 bill. And by order, rumor had it, of the Supreme Court itself. (The Supreme Court is pretty much the whipping boy these days of the wrong Right.) Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper, in from the Coast, was particularly upset by the rumor, and, at an intimate luncheon for 400 members of Cafe Society at the Four Hundred Seasons, not only produced a $1 bill with "In God We Trust" on it, but also one without. Furthermore, she reported, she had three times tried to write the story in her own column, but each time, she said darkly, the item was cut. Again the Supreme Court seemed somehow implicated.

• • •

Hedda dared us to write the story. "You'll see," she said. "Yours will be cut, too." (Nonsense, we said, nothing we wrote was *ever* cut, although once in a while, when we wrote about the Yankees, for example, a footnote or something was added.) In any case, we particularly enjoyed the comment of Cafe Socialite Annie Slater, who had listened carefully to Hedda's tale of the government's removal of the Deity. "What," she asked brightly, "have they got in mind as a replacement?" No one, not even Hedda, had an answer for that, but before anyone could say Jack Robinson, or, for that matter, Joe Kennedy, Alice Topping had another idea. "Maybe," she said, "they didn't take 'In God We Trust' *off*. Maybe they put it on!" There, until further research, the matter rested. And, sure enough, further research, via a call to the Federal Reserve, revealed that "In God We Trust" had indeed been added to the bill. And in 1957, too. Fancy that, Hedda—in McCarthy days, no "In God We Trust" at all.

On the art front the big news was the $2,300,000 paid by the Metropolitan for Rembrandt's "Aristotle." (One of these days art will really go public and get itself listed on the Big Board.) One remarkable fact about the auction was



In December . . . Some Other Programs of Special Interest

Young People's Concert
Leonard Bernstein and N.Y. Philharmonic perform works by Debussy and Ravel.
Friday, December 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Army-Navy Game
Saturday, December 2 (1:15 PM)

Wisdom
Pearl Buck, Frank Lloyd Wright, Harry Emerson Fosdick, David Ben-Gurion.
Sundays, December 3-10-17-31 (5-5:30 PM)

Japan: East is West
Western impact on Japan's culture.
Monday, December 4 (8-9 PM)

Report on School Dropouts
Tuesday, December 5 (10:30-11 PM)

The Picture of Dorian Gray
Cedric Hardwicke and George C. Scott in a new adaptation of Oscar Wilde's novel.
Wednesday, December 6 (8:30-9:30 PM)

U.S. Bases Overseas
Thursday, December 7 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Third Giant: Alternatives Ahead for Western Europe
Thursday, December 7 (10-11 PM)

Designs in Music
Joan Sutherland, Margot Fonteyn, the Raymond Scott Quintet, and others.
Friday, December 8 (9:30-10:30 PM)

Come Again to Carthage
Maurice Evans, Ann Harding, and Piper Laurie in an original drama by Robert Crean.
Friday, December 8 (10-11 PM)

Communism in Italy
Sunday, December 10 (10-11 PM)

United Nation's Children's School
Wednesday, December 13 (8:30-9 PM)

The Peace Corps: A Case Study
Friday, December 15 (9:30-10:30 PM)

Year-End Review
Tuesday, December 26 (10-11 PM)

Years of Crisis
Thursday, December 28 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.: CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM: Modern Algebra; American Government
COLLEGE OF THE AIR: The New Biology
Mondays: EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays: DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays: CBS REPORTS
Fridays: EYEWITNESS; FRANK McGEE'S HERE & NOW
Saturdays: UPDATE; ACCENT; ASK WASHINGTON
Sundays: CAMERA THREE; WASHINGTON CONVERSATION; DIRECTIONS '62; ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ ISSUES AND ANSWERS; PATTERNS IN MUSIC; CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING; THE TWENTIETH CENTURY; MEET THE PRESS; 1, 2, 3—GO!; WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR

Note: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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that before the event even started Parke-Bernet auctioneer Louis J. Marion reminded the buyers not to forget that if they bought the picture they should send it out of town, on account of the 3 per cent city sales tax. (The Metropolitan—as a civic institution—is not subject to city tax.) In any case, when the bidding went over $2,000,000, even auctioneer Marion forgot himself. "I've got two million one hundred," he said. "Two million one hundred," he repeated. Then he corrected himself. "No," he said, as if he couldn't believe it. "I've got two million one hundred *thousand.*" Then he paused. "After all, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I'm only *human.*"

• • •

On the television front we recently had the opportunity to announce, via the "Today" show, the formation of our new Hunt-the-Hunters Hunt Club—one dedicated to the proposition that the word "conservation" should be defined for the hunters exactly the way the hunters define it for the animals. (Conservation, the way the hunters define it for the animals, means, of course, killing the animals for the animals' own good, but some animals nowadays are apparently so selfish and unintelligent they refuse to take the long-term view of it.) In any case, we remind *SR* readers that hunters who hunt with a bow and arrow are themselves to be hunted with a bow and arrow—so that we can see just how humane this new sport is. But the club deplores draping the hunter over your automobile or, when you get home, mounting the head. Club rules state specifically that mounting the cap or the jacket will suffice, and that club members should use the inherent good taste of all sportsmen. Finally, we are glad that membership has grown—you will pardon the expression—by leaps and bounds.

• • •

The speech of the month was delivered by the U.S. Deputy Ambassador to the U.N., Francis Plimpton, at the annual dinner of the Planned Parenthood Federation—one which, for the first time in the organization's forty-one-year history, spilled over the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza into three other rooms. At the end of his speech, Ambassador Plimpton pleaded for cooperation and recalled the story told by the late Thomas W. Lamont about Lamont's father, a Presbyterian minister in upstate New York. The local Catholic priest was fond of coming and sitting on the parsonage porch and discussing theological matters. In the cool of the evening he would depart. "Goodbye, Rev. Lamont," he would say. "We will both be about God's work, you in your way, and I in His."

ISHI

"His were the qualities of character that last forever. He was kind; he had courage and self-restraint, and though all had been taken from him, there was no bitterness in his heart. His soul was that of a child, his mind that of a philosopher."—Saxton Pope, from **Ishi in Two Worlds.**

This is Ishi, lone survivor of the doomed Yana Indian tribe, who journeyed from the Stone Age to the Twentieth Century one morning in 1911. In **Ishi in Two Worlds** his tale is told by **Theodora Kroeber,** who has collected myths and stories and dreams from Indians. The first printing of **Ishi** was sold out before publication; the current issue of *The Reader's Digest* carries a condensation of **Ishi;** the reviewers have said:

"A highly original literary work and a great human story... it is one of the most stirring and fascinating books I have seen during this fall season."
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Chess Corner No. 64

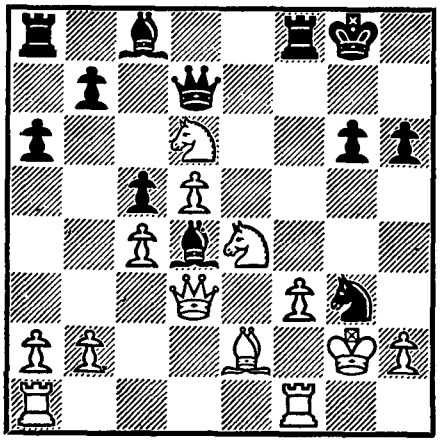
OUTDISTANCED by a point for first prize, United States champion Bobby Fischer turned in the most creditable performance of his youthful career in the recent tournament at Bled, Yugoslavia. His final tally was 13½-5½. His score against the Soviet contenders was unbelievable—a win over former world champion Mikhail Tal, a win over Soviet titleholder Tigran Petrosyan, a win over Ewfim Geller, and a draw in his match with the renowned Estonian Paul Keres. To boot, he didn't lose a single game in the twenty-man competition. His style is sharp, sparkling with profound combinations which conceal the studied care that precedes the denouement. Below is his game with the Yugoslav Grand Master Svetozar Gligorich. It is a draw, but not of the so-called Grand Master variety, which clearly indicates collusion and a lack of interest on the part of the contenders. Black's fifteenth move, an unusual deployment of the Queen, clearly anticipates his sacrificial twenty-second. And White's clever defense lends a spicy zest.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

S. Gligerich White		R. J. Fischer Black	
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	8 P-Q5	N-K2
2 P-QB4	P-KN3	9 N-K1	N-Q2
3 N-QB3	B-N2	10 N-Q3	P-KB4
4 P-K4	P-Q3	11 PxP	NxBP
5 N-B3	O-O	12 P-B3	N-B3
6 B-K2	P-K4	13 N-B2	N-Q5
7 O-O	N-B3	14 N/2-K4	N-R4
		15 B-N5	Q-Q2

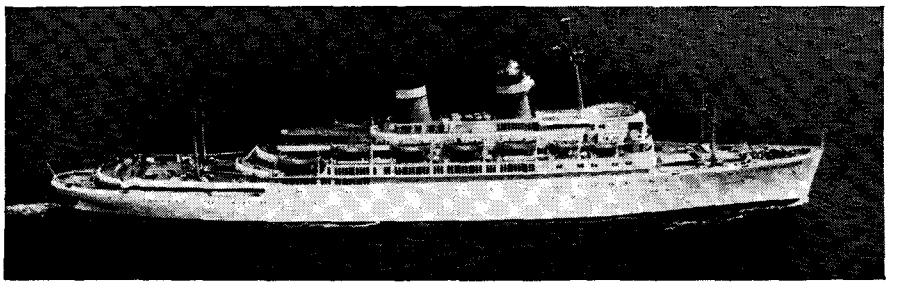
Black's last looks artificial. But it ties up with his 22nd.

16 P-KN3	P-KR3	19 N-QN5	P-R3
17 B-K3	P-B4	20 N/5xP	P-Q6!
18 BxN	KPxB	21 QxP	B-Q5ch
		22 K-N2	NxP



23 NxB	NxR	28 NxP	QxN
24 N-N6	Q-B2	29 QxPch	B-N2
25 RxN	QxN	30 RxP	Q-Q5
26 P-N4	QxP	31 B-Q3	R-B5
27 R-QN1	Q-R4	32 Q-K6ch	K-R1
		33 Q-N6	Drawn

—AL HOROWITZ.



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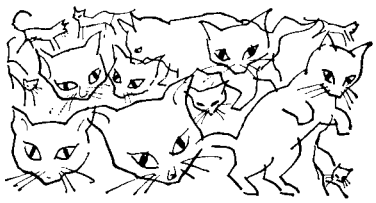
TRADE Winds

IF ANYONE IS worrying about the decline of culture, he can take heart from the fact that a recent book fair in Asbury Park, New Jersey, was forced to continue for an extra day by popular demand. Book buyers refused to let workmen pack up the books at the scheduled time, and volunteers took over to handle the chores next day. On the other hand, the cultural outlook isn't helped any by a new product offered by New York's Abercrombie & Fitch: a beer-can launcher, priced at $23.50, that "shoots your empties as high as 100 feet."

From Rome comes word that the audiences of ancient Corinth and Syria listened to drama through loudspeakers. New discoveries reported by the New York *Times* indicate that "acoustic vases" some five feet long did the trick.

Sex is receiving its share of attention these days, with one scientist studying a common weed called sour dock, which, unlike most plants, has distinct male and female characteristics. Meanwhile, a psychologist in Oklahoma City has discovered that the female gorilla's I.Q. is much higher than the male's.

Cats are getting a good going-over in Milan Greer's new book "The Fabulous Feline—or Dogs Are Passé." Greer claims to have spent 85,000 hours observing 15,000 cats, and has come up with some shattering disillusionments: You should never feed a cat tuna or milk; you *should* bathe them.



LIPPINCOTT'S NEW boxed paperback series joins Houghton-Mifflin's "plastic backs" to prove that soft-cover books can be a delightful and worthy addition to any library. Lippincott's new series is called Keystone Western Americana, and its three boxed volumes of "The Lewis and Clark Expedition" cost only $5.85, compared to $12.50 for the hard-cover edition. Yet both are equally attractive.

SEX HAS ALWAYS been a favorite subject of classic limericks, most of which have never seen the printed page. Louis Untermeyer's new collection, "Lots of Limericks," contents itself with the milder form, but reveals the fact that Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, Rudyard Kipling, and T. S. Eliot were devotees of the racier sort. "Arnold Bennett," says Untermeyer, "maintained that the only good limericks were either reprehensible or just unprintable." Untermeyer's book, however, with its delightful assortment, seems to disprove Bennett's statement.

WE CHATTED recently with Bob Crichton, whose new book, "The Rascal and the Road," tells of his own involvement with the real adventures of that amazing imposter Fred Demara.

But the late, late whereabouts of Demara now remain a mystery. Crichton says that he not only doesn't know where Demara is—he doesn't know *who* he is.

"He simply cannot stand being himself," Crichton told us. "When I persuaded him to have crash psychiatric treatment, I found that he knew so much about psychiatry that he was able to fool a panel of psychiatrists completely. Fred is so afraid of finding out what he might really be like, he can't face the idea of genuine psychoanalysis."

Crichton has the feeling that Demara is on a religious kick again, his guess being that Demara has assumed the role of a Baptist, and that he's somewhere on the West Coast. The last time Crichton heard from him, Demara had presented himself, with a splendid set of credentials, at a Catholic monastery in South Carolina. He had been there about ten minutes when the abbot came out, looked him over, and said: "We were wondering when you'd get here, Mr. Demara." The imposter left, professionally hurt, without a word.

Crichton's wife, Judy, encouraged the final break between Crichton and Demara, after Demara suggested that he could save them a great deal of medical expense by taking over as the family obstetrician. Judy Crichton, who was pregnant at the time, balked. Demara, deeply wounded by the rejection, left in a huff.

But not without taking some of Crichton's credentials with him (just as he had previously walked off with some of Bennett Cerf's best stationery from Random House). Crichton later learned

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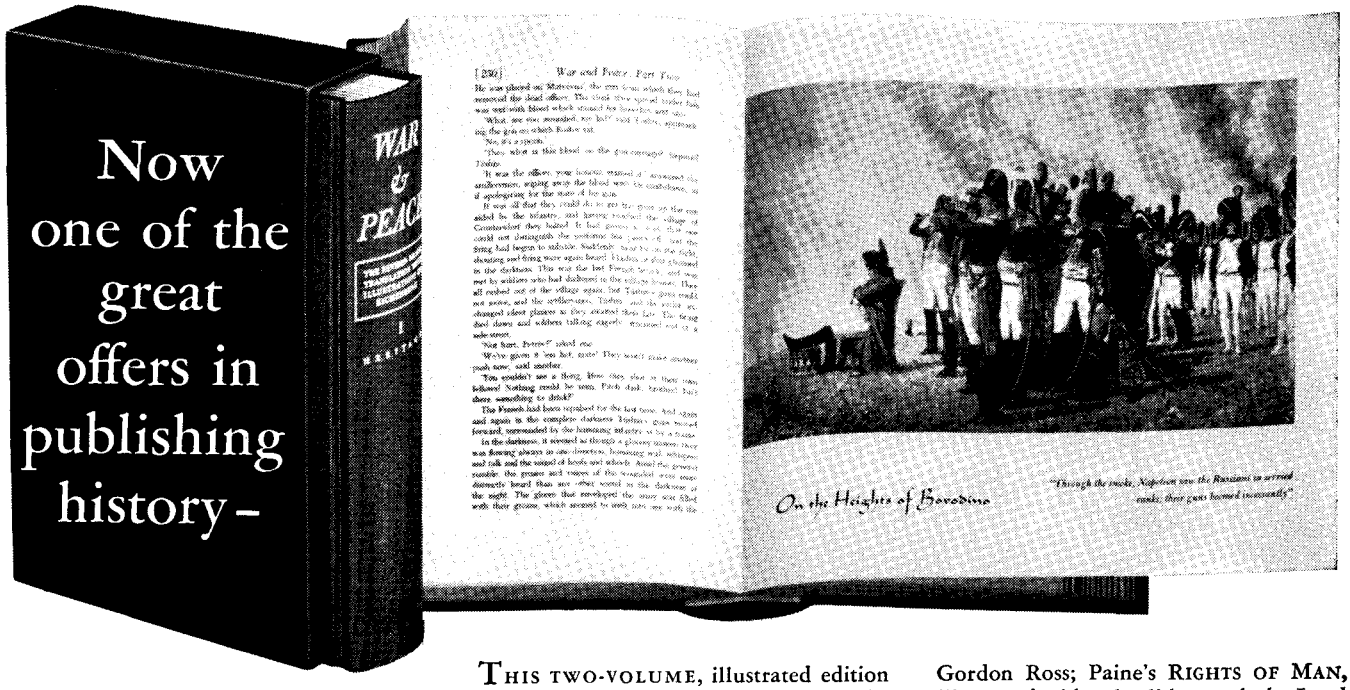

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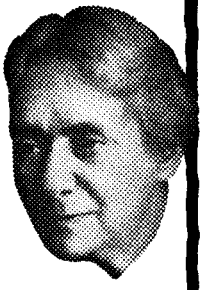

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WOMAN OF VALOR

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that Demara had tried to use Crichton's own Harvard grades when applying for a job with a small Midwestern college. He failed to get the job, and returned the college transcript to Crichton with a tart note, and the word "useless" scrawled across the record sheet.

ILKA CHASE, in her new book "The Carthaginian Rose," includes a pithy tip for travelers: "Even when traveling around the United States I prefer small, non-commercial hotels, and certainly when abroad, staying in inns or in hotels run by the natives of the country. I mean that I don't see the point of traveling half-way around the world to sleep with Mr. Conrad Hilton."

TWO NEW BOOKS by Association Press are "The Girl's Book of Physical Fitness" and the equivalent volume for boys, by Jean and Hal Vermes. In case you're curious, you're likely to use up 75 calories per hour if you're awake but lying absolutely still. Singing uses up 125 calories per hour, and eating itself uses 25 per hour (we've heard the rumor that horse-radishes actually have a minus calorie value, simply because of the energy used in chewing). You might also be interested in learning that playing the piano slowly uses up 50 calories, but a good fast barrelhouse tune knocks off about 150 per hour.

With all this information available, you'd think that Bernard Geis Associates would be careful in launching a new book by Bonnie Prudden, "How to Keep Slender and Fit After Thirty." But not at all. They toasted their author with a cocktail party at the Barbizon Plaza —loaded with calories and hors d'oeuvres. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1444)

ERCIL F. BROWN:
HARVESTS

Those whose labors brought the victory
Lift prayers of thankfulness to Him whose will
They sought and served in deep humility.
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Brings ample harvests for the days of toil.

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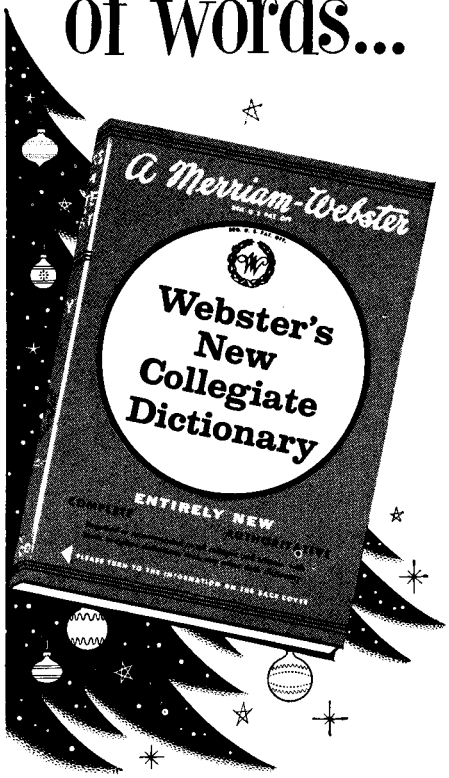

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Offhand

ONE WRONG IMAGE can do more harm than a million bad men. The ancients knew it. Allegory to them was sacred for that reason. The adventures of the gods held the minds of the world.

THE STATE is not a large family with the elders on top and the children below. Love of medals and uniforms, irresponsible promises, and empty talk are typical of children. Mature youngsters are serious, withdrawn, meditative, promise nothing, achieve everything, hate nonsense and noise, and reap hatred by giving sound advice and good example without asking for rewards.

A BETTER IMAGE for the state: leaders as horses, beautiful to look at, stronger than the men holding the reins, but still horses, very often with feathers.

DICTATORSHIP: disoccupational disease or Dementia Politica. Never the rule of one man over many, unless the many are few. When they are many it is the rule of a growing number of tyrants over a decreasing number of victims, who either flee or fall into a tyrant's job. A molehill does become a mountain here, later even a negative volcano.

THE VOLCANO is formed by a countergravitational pull due to loss of civic sense. Everything becomes silly, no one works but to appear busy defending his heritage against the common enemy: goverment by the masses. But it all ends in government by the masses of public officials who do nothing but check and report on the beliefs of their inferiors.

TOTALITARIAN governments are not engaged in propaganda because they are not engaged in government. Foreign policy becomes internal, to impress the citizen who knows nothing of the world, to impress the tourist who knows nothing of the country's real needs. The state is now a mental hospital with insane doctors and sane patients. When this reform is completed the pyramid rests on its top: and being made up of nothing, that is the crater of your political volcano. —NICCOLO TUCCI.

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If found in front of the FICTION table, give him a mainstay, **Midcentury** by John Dos Passos ($5.95), Carson McCullers' great bestseller **Clock Without Hands** ($4.00) or a newcomer, Bill Brammer's Fellowship winning **The Gay Place** ($4.95)

If found in a brown study, enlarge his vistas with Peter Scott's autobiography **The Eye of the Wind** ($10.00), Guy Murchie's bestselling **Music of the Spheres** ($6.95), a selection from the new paperback **Sentry Editions,** or something for an erudite interest, Louis Auchincloss' **Reflections of a Jacobite** ($4.00).

If found awaiting entertainment, give Osbert Lancaster's **Signs of the Times** ($5.00), Sidney Harris' **Last Things First** ($4.00), Mark Caine's **The S-Man** ($3.00) or Felicia Lamport's **Scrap Irony** ($3.00) illustrated by Edward Gorey whose witty caricatures adorn this page.

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Saturday Review
December 2, 1961

Peace Without Depression

By SEYMOUR MELMAN, *Associate Professor of Industrial and Management Engineering at Columbia University. This article is adapted by him from his book "The Peace Race," just published by Ballantine.*

A FEW days ago one of my former students dropped in wearing a worried look. "Our missile contract runs out in December," he said. "And after that there is no prospect of other work. About 1,000 engineers will be out on the street." His firm, almost totally engaged in military work for some years, has no plans for civilian products. A recent survey of mine, involving major military contractors, showed that this firm is fairly typical.

In the absence of conversion-to-peace plans by firms, by communities, and by governments, congressmen are pressed to become virtual sales agents —to seek out new orders from the military. Similarly, congressmen are enlisted to stop the closing of installations whose military worth is ended. There is an undercurrent of fear in military industry that is directly connected with the absence of serious plans for coping with either the change of military requirements or the end of arms production.

This lack of preparation is bound to have a feedback effect on efforts to halt the arms race. After all, the arms race now occupies between six and seven million Americans and accounts for about 10 per cent of the value of all the goods and services that we produce.

Mr. T. Coleman Andrews, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue and now president of an insurance company, was reported by the New York *Times* of October 30, 1960, as telling a business group: "The greatest threat that faces America today is the chance that Russia's Nikita Khrushchev may come forward with a genuine peace proposal that cannot be refused. If the Soviets should present a sincere and reliable proposal for peace," he declared, "it would throw us into an industrial tailspin the like of which we have never dreamed." Mr. Andrews said that this "would result in the greatest depression America has ever known because our arms industry, coupled with foreign aid, is responsible each year for fifty billion dollars in purchasing power."

An altogether different and highly optimistic view of economic effects of disarmament was publicized by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. *Nation's Business* in October, 1959, reported it as declaring that "any abrupt softening of cold war pressures—if it comes—can bring this country a boom, not the recession suggested by such phrases as 'peace scare.'" The Chamber of Commerce regarded this as a long-term estimate.

My opinion is that economic conversion under disarmament can be carried off in fine style, especially if reasonable advance planning is done. Drastic reduction of military budgets could be a historic political and economic opportunity for the United States. But finding desirable ways of spending 40 to 50 billion dollars a year (about 10 per cent of the gross national product) requires an orderly, planned effort. We will have to plan on national and local levels for this conversion to peace.

In October, 1959, the National Planning Association asked, "Can the American Economy Adjust to Arms Control?" The group prepared an estimate of possible expenditures during a five-year period, as replacement for military outlays (see box below).

These numbers, given in billions of dollars, somehow lack the sense of realism that we have when thinking about concrete things. I think it is interesting to scan the list of comparisons of military expenditure and "civilian counterparts" in the box below.

There is now no shortage of goods and services at the prevailing market price. During the last ten years the privately owned firms have proved incapable of providing employment to

A Five-Year Budget for Peace
(Billions of Dollars)

Education:		30
Classroom construction	16	
Current operation	14	
Highways and skyways		75
Urban renewal, slum clearance, low-cost housing, and community redevelopment		100
Water supply and conservation		60
Health and hospitals		35
Other programs (air pollution, research and development, etc.)		30
	Total	330

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the growing labor force. Between 1953 and 1959, the people available for jobs have increased by about 5,500,000, but employment has increased by only 3,500,000. This population explosion has led to an increase in the number of unemployed who remain out of work for a long period of time. Growing unemployment, reaching about 6,000,000 during 1961, has occurred at the same time that the consumer market for all types of goods is full up. This means that private industry would probably be unable to absorb more workers who might be displaced from military work.

Broadly speaking, we are already producing all of the goods and services that are profitable to private industry. Therefore, a necessary condition for giving useful employment to men who are now in military work is a major expansion of government initiative into areas where the needs of society cannot be satisfied by private businessmen who are operating for private gain.

For some years, the United States has been indulging in a major ideological prohibition against any sort of economic initiative other than by private business management. However, effective handling of the peace race clearly requires attention to the public sector of community life as an area for organizing alternatives to a military economy. The important military contracting firms have been a sort of twilight zone between public bodies and private firms. Once a lead is given by government in preparing for peace, much of the experience of military contractors in serving government requirements can be turned to account for peaceful purposes. Thus, the very tradition of serving a public market may make the military-producing firms amenable to operating within a public sector of a prosperous and peaceful economy.

New activities for peace are to be found in four main areas:

1. Raising the level of living in the underdeveloped areas of the United States will broaden markets for consumer goods.
2. Public sectors of the economy that can absorb the productive power of major military contractors.
3. Cushioning the end of military production and military occupations.
4. In addition to our domestic activities, disarmament will help us to supply equipment and manpower on an abundant scale for the industrialization of the rest of the earth. This is desirable on moral and political grounds, and is economically practical too. The industrial capability of the United States alone is sufficient to tool up Asia, Africa, and South America, even while giving every American a share in a good life.

Another type of opportunity for economic development lies in the underdeveloped markets in the American labor force. There is virtual saturation of middle- and upper-income markets for all sorts of hard goods. But there remains a massive potential market. About 30 to 40 per cent of the city families consume, per unit, less than half as much as families whose incomes are in the $4,000 to $5,000 a year class. *According to Fortune magazine (March, 1961), there are 32,000,000 people in the United States living in poverty.*

STORIES appearing in the New York *Times* over a period of months in 1960 disclosed the appalling details of unemployment and low income. In West Virginia, abandoned coal mines have left communities with no apparent prospect of livelihood. In March, 1960, an elementary school principal in one of these communities felt compelled to announce that, "Starting tomorrow, all children who are completely destitute and look undernourished will be given a cup of cocoa and a hot biscuit at the start of school each morning, in addition to the regular hot lunch—maybe some scrambled eggs, too." The same principal asked his teachers how many children came to school without having had any breakfast at home. They found

Expenditures—Military and Civilian

Military Expenditures	*Their Equivalent in Civilian Expenditures*
A $250,000,000 ICBM base in Omaha, Nebraska.	The Dalles, Oregon, dam. 1½ miles long for navigation, power of 1,743,000 kw., irrigation, recreation.
The Naval Weapons Plant, Washington, D.C., with a total value of $104,616,800.	26 new 160-bed hospitals at $4,000,000 each.
The estimated value of the plant's material inventory as of April, 1960, was 142,018,907.	35 new school buildings at $4,000,000 each.
The estimated cost of the aircraft carrier *Constellation*, $275,000,000, not including the the fire damage of $75,000,000 on December 19, 1960.	The Depressed Area Development Bill, vetoed by President Eisenhower on May 13, 1960—$251,000,000.
Four attack submarines at $45,000,000.	U. S. foreign donations of agricultural commodities through voluntary agencies in fiscal 1959, $178,699,760.
Two nuclear-powered aircraft carriers at $470 million each.	The U. S. government spends on its Public Health Service including grants to states, but excluding Indian health, $977,962,500.
One Polaris submarine is worth $105,000,000, not including its 16 missiles at $1.1 million each.	Emergency Famine Relief abroad on a government-to-government basis, $107,095,000, including ocean freight of $25,000,000.
Polaris submarine plus missiles, $122,600,000.	United States Technical Cooperation within Point Four will be $150,000,000 in 1961.
14 B-52, Model G aircraft at $8 million each or 8 Atlas ICBMs at $13.7 million per missile including all groundwork, launching pads, etc.	The School Lunch Program of $110,000,000, which involves 14 million children.
The Atomic Energy Commission appropriations (mostly military) of $2,686,560,000 for fiscal 1961.	Total government investments in TVA, over a period of 24 years, 1933-1957, of $2,041,000,000, including appropriations, bonds, but excluding revenue receipts.

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a total of 65 out of a school enrollment of 700.

There are coal-mining areas, cotton textile towns of New England, and cities all over the country that bear the burden of abandonment by managements that have moved factories to more advantageous places. The result is often a record of contradiction between private commercial interest and public welfare. Poverty is expensive in the 100 industrial areas and 300 rural counties that are chronically depressed. About 20,000,000 people live in these depressed areas.

In sum, making life better for the economically dispossessed will require an accelerated rate of economic growth for the whole country. But it will also require special action to rehabilitate particular regions and to upgrade the incomes of many occupations. Raising these incomes will call for a substantially higher minimum wage. A minimum of $1.50 per hour would surely dramatically enlarge the market for all consumer goods and immediately improve the level of living for millions of families, thus paving the way for new, enlarged industries that would employ many of the people displaced by disarmament.

America requires a doubling of annual expenditures if we are to have reasonable standards of education for young people. By 1969, over 600,000 classrooms should be completed. About 135,000 additional teachers must be recruited and trained for the elementary and secondary schools. Drastic measures need to be taken to stop our wastage of talented high-school graduates who cannot afford a college education.

Health functions require major new outlays if plausible standards are to be met. About $1 billion needs to be spent in the next few years to rehabilitate existing hospital buildings. A number of states are grossly deficient in general hospital facilities.

In many areas, hospitals suffer severe staff shortages, and in some places this has led to grave deterioration in standards of medical service. Though major efforts have been made to enlarge mental-hospital capacity, there actually has been a drop in the number of mental-hospital beds in proportion to requirements (from 55 to 52 per cent) for 1948 to 1959. The Federal Government's Department of Health, Education and Welfare estimates that the nation needs 867,000 more hospital beds and a quarter of a million nursing home beds. On the basis of reasonable estimates of population growth, the United States will require about 12,000 first-year medical school enrollments by 1971, but their present capability is for training about 8,200 in total enrollment a year.

The water supply has been deteriorating at a rapid rate during the last decade. This appears in a gradually lowering water table in many parts of the country, requiring ever deeper and more costly wells. At the same time, stream pollution from industrial and sewage wastes has been increasing. Indeed, a Select Committee on National Water Resources of the United States Senate has recommended the spending of $54 billion in the next twenty years to clean up the waterways and to conserve water. Private estimates suggest that between 1960 and 1980 the United States will have to spend about $220 billion for equipment to supply fresh water. This will have to include major plants for desalting ocean water.

At the very time that efficiency in manufacturing has been soaring, we have been using up the crust of the earth at a startling rate. Forest reserves are being progressively depleted. Of the total agricultural land in the United States (1,905 million acres):

280 million are eroded beyond repair.
775 million are hurt.
850 million are good.

Of our total cropland—512 million acres:

50 million are ruined.
50 million are bordering on ruin.
200 million are suffering.
212 million are good.

For the supply of electrical energy we continue to rely heavily on coal, oil, and natural gas, resources that cannot be replenished once removed from the earth's crust. Inevitably, this must involve us in progressively higher cost of the fuel as the easy-to-get deposits are mined first. Coal and petroleum should be increasingly saved for chemical processing rather than inefficiently used as fuel in furnaces and engines.

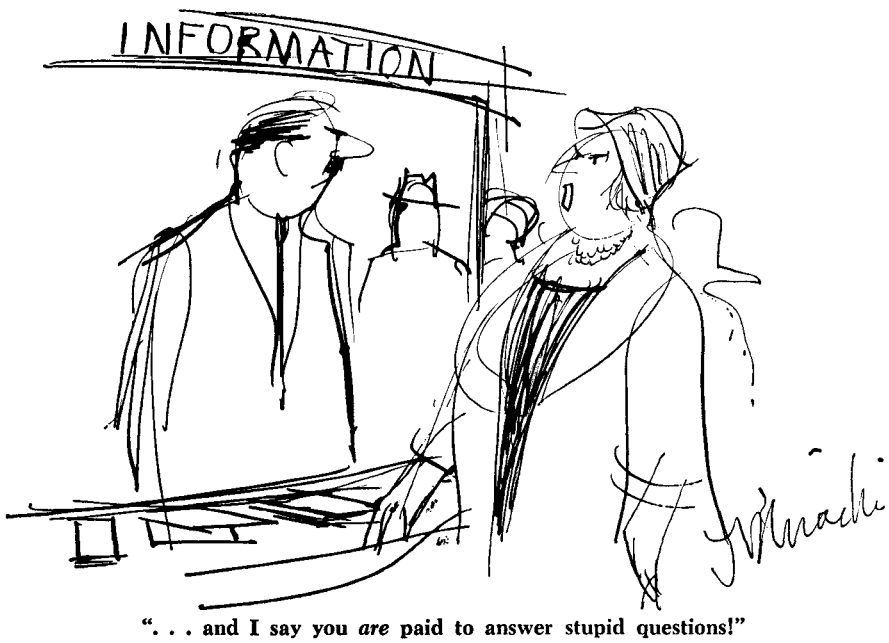
Transportation is often poor in the United States compared with what it could be. Private automobiles are inefficient in the cities. Trucks now can move about in Manhattan at an average speed of six miles an hour, whereas, in their time, horse-drawn vehicles were moving at eleven miles an hour.

Public transportation has been underdeveloped and highway transportation has been systematically favored over railroads. This produces remarkable results in trying to get from metropolitan centers to airports: the journeys from the cities to the airports, at both ends of an airplane trip, frequently take longer than the trip itself.

Research, especially in the biological and physical sciences, should be greatly expanded and would be an enormous boon to man. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare and the National Science Foundation have spent about $300 million a year all together. The Federal Government spends about $6 billion for research and development through the Department of Defense and the Atomic Energy Commission.

Despite improvements in the average level of housing since the Second World War, it remains that in 1960 about 8,800,000 housing units in the United States were dilapidated or lacked a private toilet or bath or hot water. About half of these grossly substandard homes are located in the Southern states. The significance of these numbers was recently made clear by Chester Rapkin, Professor of City

(*Continued on page* 76)



". . . and I say you *are* paid to answer stupid questions!"

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The Epigraph: Clues and a Bridge

By Granville Hicks

ON THE flyleaf of Bernard Malamud's "A New Life" appears this line from James Joyce's "Ulysses": "Lo, levin leaping lightens in eyeblink Ireland's westward welkin!" Levin is the name of Malamud's hero, and levin, as Joyce uses it, means lightning. Malamud, I think, is having fun, for at first glance the blundering Seymour Levin seems anything but lightning like; and yet it is true that he does flash across the western sky, causing amazement and consternation. If Malamud is being playful, it is with a purpose.

Epigraphs are always interesting. Robert Penn Warren has ranged widely: he quotes a phrase from Dante in "All the King's Men," three stanzas from Edmund Spenser in "World Enough and Time," a couplet from Housman in "Band of Angels," and a passage from Plato in "The Cave." In his latest novel, "Wilderness," he has a passage from Shakespeare's "King Henry V" and two passages from Pascal. No one who wants to understand Warren's novels can afford to ignore his epigraphs.

Wright Morris is another novelist who has ranged widely and chosen well. For his first novel, "My Uncle Dudley," he used a fine quotation from Walt Whitman. In subsequent books he has quoted from the Book of Job, from Henry James, from T. S. Eliot, from John Donne. In "The Works of Love" he quotes Blake, Lawrence, and Stendhal; in "The Huge Season" St-John Perse; in "The Field of Vision" Milton and Lawrence; in "Love Among the Cannibals" Sir Thomas Browne and Henry James. "Ceremony at Lone Tree" is the only one of his novels to have no epigraph.

Ernest Hemingway, who sometimes used epigraphs and sometimes didn't, made two choices that have become famous. On the flyleaf of "The Sun Also Rises" we find:

> You are all a lost generation.
> —*Gertrude Stein in conversation.*
>
> Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity. . . . One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever. . . . The sun also riseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose. . . . The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. . . . All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from which the rivers come, thither they return again.
> —*Ecclesiastes.*

And in "For Whom the Bell Tolls":

> No man is an *Iland,* intire of it selfe; every man is a piece of the *Continent,* a part of the *maine;* if a Clod bee washed away by the *Sea, Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *Promontorie* were, as well as if a *Mannor* of thy *friends* or of *thine own* were; any mans *death* diminishes *me,* because I am involved in *Mankinde:* And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for *thee.*
> —JOHN DONNE.

The custom of using epigraphs is relatively modern. Sir Walter Scott, it is true, began many chapters of his novels with fragments of verse, often of his own composition though ascribed to an "Old Song" or "Old Play" or something of the sort. Melville, working on a scale appropriate to his subject, placed some twelve pages of extracts, "supplied by a sub-sub-librarian," at the beginning of "Moby Dick." But in general the epigraph is rare in nineteenth-century fiction. You will not find it in Dickens, I think, or Thackeray or Meredith or James. Hardy is the great exception. In his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" there are these lines from Shakespeare:

> Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
> Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd.

In "Jude the Obscure" we read simply, "The letter killeth."

EVEN as we come into the present century, the epigraph is not common. It is sometimes found in Conrad, but not in D. H. Lawrence or E. M. Forster. In this country, Dreiser, Lewis, and Anderson never or almost never used epigraphs. Willa Cather, on the other hand, was fond of an apt, usually very brief quotation: in "My Antonia," for instance, we find Virgil's words, *"optima dies . . . prima fugit."* Hemingway, as I have noted, has made good use of quotations, but Faulkner has avoided the epigraph since "Soldiers' Pay," in which he set down a few lines of verse, probably his own.

In general, the writers of the past twenty or thirty years have done a good deal of quoting, and today it is rather uncommon to find a first novel that does not invoke one of the great names of the past. Pascal, Dostoevsky, Kafka, Rilke, James, and Lawrence are among the authors currently popular. Lawrence Durrell prefaces each volume of "The Alexandria Quartet" with a quotation from the Marquis de Sade.

The epigraph serves several purposes. Often, as in the passages Hemingway uses, it gives the source of the title. Whether it does this or not, it provides some sort of clue to the book. The clue may be tantalizing, as is true in Salinger's "Nine Stories":

> We know the sound of two hands clapping. But what is the sound of one hand clapping?
> —*A Zen Koan.*

But the epigraph may be helpful in the most specific way. The phrases from Pascal that John Updike has chosen for "Rabbit, Run"—"The motions of Grace, the hardness of the heart; external circumstances"—are almost an outline of the novel. In "The Château" William Maxwell has three quotations, one from Elizabeth Bowen and two from Rainer Maria Rilke, and each tells us something important about the book. Robert Penn Warren's quotations, as I have said, are always suggestive.

The epigraph has another function: it proclaims the author's awareness that he belongs to a tradition. Writers today are, for better and for worse, acutely self-conscious. They never forget their predecessors, with some of whom they feel a strong kinship. Durrell, for example, is acknowledging his indebtedness to de Sade by quoting him. Graham Greene has quoted from Péguy. Many of the authors Wright Morris has quoted from are authors he discusses in "The Territory Ahead."

As a reader, I welcome the increasing use of the epigraph, and not merely because a well-chosen quotation may help me to understand a particular book. There is pleasure in knowing what has impressed a writer, and there is pleasure in encountering a fine passage that one has forgotten or perhaps never come upon. As I have been glancing through a variety of books in the course of writing this article, I have again and again been delighted by what I have found. It is also true that a familiar passage may be given a new meaning by the book on whose title page or flyleaf it appears. One feels anew that the great writers of the past still live and that the most callow of first novelists has a right to be proud of his heritage.

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A Dangerous Generosity

By Leo Cherne, *executive director, Research Institute of America, Inc.*

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER provides in **"An End to Make-Believe"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.95) a remarkably perceptive analysis of the failure of the United States to win the Cold War. In this, his second book in two years, Mr. Mowrer recalls the fateful illusions that have led to the multiplication of dismal consequences; and, in pages that move even more swiftly than the events they record, he plays out the sequence of self-deluding conceptions which may indeed, if uncorrected, destroy us.

There are few less fashionable words in the lexicon of contemporary America than "power." "Compared with the men of 1783," Mr. Mowrer says, "the leaders from 1941 to 1961 seemed provincial. *They lacked the sense of power politics.*" Moreover, the United States has consistently misunderstood the unmistakable intentions of the Soviet Union and the nature of the power struggle in which we are engaged.

Edgar Mowrer follows the thread of this misunderstanding through the Administrations of Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower. Our illusions, as they are examined in this important volume, have uniquely American roots. Our policy is frequently a reflection of American generosity, of a heritage of fair play and optimistic faith and naïve idealism. The qualities that have given rise to our errors have more often than not been admirable. The consequences, however, can be fatal.

As Mr. Mowrer takes us back the highway paved with good intentions, he demonstrates the bitter frequency with which we were led to give to the Soviets that which they would otherwise have been unable to take.

> A basic misunderstanding of the nature both of Soviet Communism and Communist philosophy led Roosevelt to the final fateful assumption upon which he gambled his wartime policy, namely, that he could "handle Stalin." He sincerely expected to transform a fanatic Communist and power-mad despot into a public-spirited leader of a peaceful world community. On this assumption he placed his great stakes—and lost. . . .

Mr. Mowrer outlines American wartime policy, which never "seriously considered the danger to the world of too complete a Russian victory." Because of this misconception, he says, "Rarely has any war given one of the victors such vast spoils to use against its former allies"; this at a time when one world leader, Winston Churchill, perceptively observed that Russia and its Western Allies were not fighting the same war.

The roll call of Soviet victories since 1941 is long and painful. The author details the extension of "make-believe," which he considers responsible for many of these victories, into the Truman era at war's end when the new U.S. President failed to understand the wisdom of Churchill's pleas that we occupy Berlin and Prague, that we stay on the Elbe until Stalin fulfilled his pledges to Central Europe, and that we maintain indefinitely a substantial garrison in Europe.

The fact that military power in our time is a political force of undeniable importance was in some respects least understood in the Administration of the military leader, Dwight D. Eisenhower. In fact, in a moment that obviously left veteran foreign correspondent Mowrer stunned, President Eisenhower discarded military might as a political force when at Geneva he turned to Marshal Zhukov and assured him that "under no circumstances is the United States ever going to be a party to aggressive war—against any nation."

To the Russians, Mr. Mowrer says, this remark "was the door opened to unlimited expansion provided only that they refrained from direct attack on some part of the world that interested the United States. No longer any fear that a carefully provoked military uprising in, say, Cuba or the Congo, wherein the hand of Moscow was conspicuous, would trigger an American attack upon the USSR or Red China. The chief obstacle to an all-Red world was removed by the man Moscow regarded as its chief opponent."

The significance of these developments was not lost on the rest of the world, he says. ". . . whatever the President wanted, the rest of the world, allies, neutrals, and enemies alike, suspected that the U.S. was no longer a dependable protector, or the dominant power or adversary to be greatly feared."

The recital of the occasions where America pleaded, conceded, cajoled, helped, promised, and agreed during this twenty-year continuous engagement with the Soviet Union becomes supremely ironic as the echo of the over-fifty-megaton bomb reverberates in the atmosphere.

The history Edgar Mowrer recalls is not an endless recollection of dismal failure. There have been moments, as Harry Truman undoubtedly recalls with particular pride, when America was pushed to the wall and turned to face an adversary with the unyielding instruments of power. Virtually without exception these have been the moments of some measure of victory for us in the Cold War. But the moments of success have been matched by moments of opportunity lost, courage betrayed, freedom undefended. In this, the fifth year after the Hungarian Revolution, there are reminders in these pages which are painful but which could prevent tomorrow's pain.

Edgar Mowrer has refused to accept the dismal choice—Red or dead. We can, he urges, be alive and free if we can but sustain the sophisticated, clear-sighted view of the world as it is, of the Soviets as they are, of Communist purpose as it has been presented to us bluntly by Khrushchev at Geneva, at Paris, at the United Nations, and most recently in the Soviet world, which stretches from the half-emptied tomb in the Kremlin to the wastes of Novaya Zemlya.

Mr. Mowrer's prescription is a harsh one. The temptation will be great to dismiss it. He was among the very first to illuminate the nature of Adolf Hitler. His volume, "Germany Puts the Clock Back," was published in 1932. His prophetic pages failed to prevent disaster. But he tried! How hard, how faithfully, and how long he has tried has been painfully manifest during the twenty-nine years since then.

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Tribal Scars and Old School Ties

By Robert Massie, *U.N. Bureau chief at Newsweek magazine.*

AFRICA's great surge to independence has inspired an outpouring of new books about that vast and largely unknown continent. All of them are useful and most of them are colorful, but few are as impressive as Smith Hempstone's "**Africa: Angry Young Giant**" (Praeger, $7.95) and John Hughes's "**The New Face of Africa: South of the Sahara**" (Longmans, Green, $5). The reason, perhaps, is that both these men are outstanding journalists who had spent many long months in Africa before the Congo violence brought reporters there by platoons. John Hughes of the *Christian Science Monitor* has been reporting from Africa since 1946; Smith Hempstone of the Washington *Evening Star* and the Chicago *Daily News* has lived and traveled in Africa for four years. As a result, both these books not only scan the dazzling surface of the continent; they also probe beneath for the contrasts, the complexities, and the significant portents for the future.

Taking Hempstone's book first—for it is the larger and the more rewarding—it should be pointed out that, despite his title, he is not writing about the whole of Africa. Rather, he is describing his personal travels across that broad middle belt of the continent stretching from the southern rim of the Sahara down to the north bank of the Congo River. This, of course, is a sizable slab of land. It includes the entire crescentlike sweep of French West and Equatorial Africa, now possessed by fourteen independent states; it encompasses the former British territories of Nigeria, Ghana, and Sierra Leone, and the river colony of Gambia; it also includes the American-founded state of Liberia. On the opposite side of Africa, Hempstone journeyed through the special desert and plateau world of Ethiopia, Eritrea, the Sudan, and Somalia.

Hempstone's method and style are not unlike John Gunther's. Bouncing across a frontier into an African capital, he sets down all the sights and sounds that assault him first. Then he moves through the history of the place, usually with a wry humor directed at both white and black colonialists, and often with a certain relish for the gorier details of some local massacre. Finally, he interviews everybody on hand, from the emperor or emir or prime minister down to the border guard or chambermaid. When this is done, he distills from all these vivid details a clear and precise evaluation of political trends and possibilities.

Hempstone has his prejudices. He preferred to travel in Gallic Africa because "no matter how bad the day may be, the night always brings a shower, a tournedos provençal, a bottle of Beaujolais, a cheese board groaning with Camembert." But he recognizes the enormous potential inherent in Nigeria's millions and is concerned over the spreading threat of Soviet influence in Ghana and Guinea. Most of all, he worries about the stagnation and corruption with which President William V. S. Tubman is contending in Liberia. "It would be a tremendous blow," Hempstone warns, "if the one black country with which the United States has had the longest and most intimate of associations should turn her back. And this, of course, is just what Communist agents in neighboring Guinea are working to encourage."

John Hughes's book is only half as long as Hempstone's and covers twice as much geography—the whole of Africa south of the Sahara. Hughes has only thirteen pages for the whole of French Africa, compared to Hempstone's nearly 200. But what Hughes loses in detail he partially regains in his ability to move swiftly from contrast to contrast. In Nigeria, for example, he describes the thirst for television sets on which to watch ancient American Westerns on local stations. It is jarring but valuable to discover only a few pages later that South Africa has banned all

(*Continued on page* 54)

WIND OF CHANGE: "The photo machine . . . catches life in a frozen instant . . . the drawing hand and the eye . . . trace the thing or event through space and time," writes Dr. Frederick Franck at the beginning of "**African Sketchbook**" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95). In his earlier "Days with Albert Schweitzer" the author recalled his experiences at Lambaréné, where he established a dental clinic; in this book he conveys through narrative and line drawings his impressions during a later visit of a continent in ferment.

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Verbal Nets for Evasive Answers

"Successful Love and Other Stories," by Delmore Schwartz (Corinth-Citadel. 242 pp. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95), seek to capture life's elusive meanings. An associate professor of English at New York University, Henry Popkin wrote the Introduction to the new paperback edition of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest."

By Henry Popkin

NOBODY else writes stories like these. Who but Delmore Schwartz might have created a character who "could not down the need and impulse to goad and spur" and then told us a few lines later that "Monroe basked, glowed, beamed," or permitted someone to say that knowledge is being conveyed "as soon as possible and without further delay"? Schwartz indicates and exhibits his fun, zest, joy in language, and the trouble is, his mannerism is contagious. The favorite mannerism, as I have shown and demonstrated (enough already!), is to give us alternate words for describing an action or event or . . . (Get hold of yourself!) Sometimes the alternate words provide different meanings, sometimes the same—and then they resemble a thesaurus list of synonyms—and sometimes they point to slight variations in sound and meaning as in "event and advent" or "Cynthia, your desire to be a nurse is immature and premature."

The mannerism is defensible, I think, especially at a time when so few of our prose writers take much visible pleasure in language. Usually, when one of them succumbs to language, he dodges the responsibility by attributing his linguistic oddities to a rain king named Henderson or to some other eccentric. But Schwartz's oddity belongs to his own distinctive voice, even when he is interpreting, in depth, his characters' thoughts or ventriloquizing through Cynthia's bossy mother.

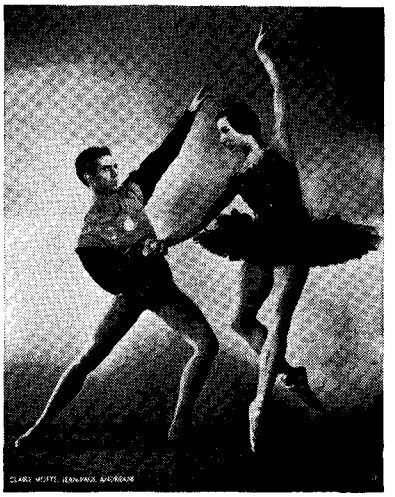
Schwartz's style is the key to his stories. He casts many verbal nets for meaning, and some prove more effective than others. He catches meanings, and he also reveals the difficulty of capturing so slippery an article. (I have again fallen into Schwartz's mannerism: his favorite word is "and"; his favorite mark of punctuation is the comma that takes its place.) His characters, too, cast nets for elusive meanings, trying to encompass and to fathom life with theories that are as inadequate and as artificial as words. They carry out skilful exercises in self-deception, but they are invariably exposed by the all-wise author, who looks over their shoulders to interpret the thoughts behind the words and behind the thoughts—looking right through, for example, a boy wonder: "He had no way of knowing, and he did not know, that he had never attempted anything in which he was likely to fail." His friend has a little more awareness of himself: "He was, reflecting upon it, surprised that he was shocked, and surprised by the intensity of his feeling."

Schwartz's characters tend to use the wrong, elaborately wrong nets. The boy wonder of "A Colossal Fortune" has a doctorate in philosophy and a talent for picking horses but the wrong net for catching love. The heroine of the title story catches love by using a book on the subject as her net; she is satisfied, but her Daddy is amused. The girl students of "The Hartford Innocents" try to entrap life with liberal dogmas, and, for once, the author makes the mistake of lecturing us directly to establish that these dogmas are as inadequate as any others. The professor of "The Fabulous Twenty-Dollar Bill" baits his trap with the currency of the title, but he fails to allow for life's infinite possibilities.

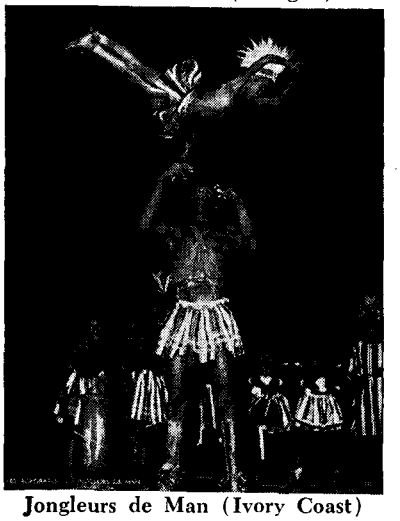
Essentially, these are much like Schwartz's earlier stories. The principal signs of change are a greater detachment and a somewhat larger range of experience. The lapses are few enough to make us grateful that he still cultivates his garden.

RITUAL OF MOVEMENT: Serge Lido's striking photographs in "**Ballet Panorama**" (Macmillan, $12.50) corroborate Jerome Robbin's definition of the dance as "a powerful rite which evokes responses about life that cannot be said in words." Each ballet, he says, "must create a strange and totally new world"—the fairytale land of "Sleeping Beauty," the symbol-laden country of the subconscious, the demon-ridden hell of the superstitious tribesman.

Winfried Kirsch (Cologne)



Claire Motte and Jean-Paul Andreani (Opéra de Paris)



Jongleurs de Man (Ivory Coast)

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Social Passion and Lyric Cries

"New World Writing 19," edited by Stewart Richardson and Corlies M. Smith *(Lippincott. 219 pp. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.65), offers a cross-section of work by new talents and established writers. Ihab Hassan wrote "Radical Innocence."*

By Ihab Hassan

NEW WRITING, to put it rather grumpily, has always seemed somewhat of a bother to conservative and Philistine alike. It is new, they confess, but is it really original, and why is it necessarily better than the old? The present collection, nineteenth in a creditable series, is described by its current publishers as "a cross-section of the best new writing, by talents both new and established." The volume brings pleasure and contains some surprises, but it is not likely to squelch the objections of crusty critics. For skill and literary tact prevail in it; the rude, arrogant, and original voice does not ring out loud. Still, what literature can live solely for its moments of apocalypse? And what culture can afford to stifle unassessed talent?

In no way can the book be said to carry the stamp of mediocrity. Some works in it stand out: stories by Pierre Gascar, a Frenchman, Flannery O'Connor, an American, and B. Reuben, an Indian; two new poems by Theodore Holmes; an "old" poem of Theodore Roethke's, reinforced with commentaries from John Crowe Ransom, Stanley Kunitz, and Babette Deutsch, and from the poet himself, and intended perhaps as a critical epiphany to the anthology.

The common force of the three best stories in this volume is, surprisingly enough, social passion. Gascar's tale is a stark political allegory, set in the wastelands of modern Spain. Its poetic and elemental style fuses the natural fact of drought with the idea of human oppression. Water, discovered by the narrator secretly, brings the promise of rebirth or freedom to men who live in sullen fear, burrowed like animals into their dry, dark *cuevas*. "Beyond the illusion of olive trees, cornfields and vineyards, my true country eludes me," the narrator must still confess. "Like the ebb and flow of the sea, the land I long for looms, then fades. Its absence is something I notice not only within myself, but in the mouths of men and the expression of children." The story by Flannery O'Connor addresses itself, likewise, to a vanishing image of the South. Its focus is the uneasy relation between a mother and her son, representatives of two orders, one dead, the other powerless to live; the action comes to a head in fierce and funny scenes on an integrated bus. Most "experimental" of the three stories is that by B. Reuben. The occasion is the funeral of a man who, while still alive, was caught in a vicious web of business and marital intrigues. A series of images and flashbacks finally reveal him to us, as a person whose warped integrity serves as a criticism of the mendacity of the modern Indian society that surrounded him.

But these are not all. There are more special and poignant stories which remind us that the form is, as Frank O'Connor put it, "a lyrical cry in the face of destiny." Brock Brower's fine story is a study of childhood, and of the impact on it of an insane adult world. Sanford Friedman's excerpt from his first novel also concerns itself with the deprivations of childhood. Other narratives treat, with a sure technical hand, the deprivations of age (Elizabeth Starr Hill) or of love (George Moorse), the generosities of a criminal (Leland Webb), and the perplexities of the South (Marion Montgomery).

ONLY three poets are represented. Diana Reed, an Antioch student, shows a controlled talent both for lyrical and dramatic utterance. Jack Lindeman has the genuine verbal flair common to the best poetry of the little magazines. In Theodore Holmes, however, one is compelled to recognize a distinctive sensibility, a certain power of mind that is at home both in the concrete and the universal worlds of poetry, and a mode of expression—his staple line is as long as Whitman's and somewhat tighter—that makes difficult demands on the author.

The feature of the book, though, is a critical symposium in which three poet-critics are invited to comment on a poem of some importance. The author himself is then asked to comment on those critiques as well as on his poem. This is a policy that the editors plan to pursue in future volumes. It is gratifying that the poet chosen, Theodore Roethke, is surely one of the best poets now writing in America, and that the particular poem selected, "In a Dark Time," is one of his finest. If the symposium confirms the sense that criticism has tended to become a somewhat Alexandrian activity in our time, it also conveys the richness and complexity of the literary experience, and calls our attention back to the poem itself.

This is indeed the primary value of the present collection. Until such time as a true avant-garde may define itself, we have no choice but to heed the best that is said, and learn to read and to re-read, lest we lose our ability to read at all, both new and old things.

"Better change detergents."

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Dark Jungle of Human Nature

"Brotherly Love," by Gabriel Fielding (Morrow. 282 pp. $3.95), portrays the childhood and the family relationships of the hero of "In the Time of Greenbloom" and "Through Streets Broad and Narrow." English fiction is Aileen Pippett's particular specialty as a critic.

By Aileen Pippett

GABRIEL FIELDING's first novel, "In the Time of Greenbloom," is remembered for its haunting story of a girl murdered, a boy distraught, a wise man who saves him from futility; for its challenge to fuller understanding, and for its hint of more to come. "Through Streets Broad and Narrow" continued the story of that boy, John Blaydon, through the swirl of university life in Dublin, where he was studying medicine. The wise man, Greenbloom, briefly appeared. John was growing up fast, with the usual gasps and gulps, but in the midst of wild laughter there were misgivings, a sense of shifting sands underfoot: again the challenge and the promise.

In "Brotherly Love" the challenge is renewed, the promise fulfilled. We meet the whole Blaydon family. John is a child when the book opens; his eldest brother, David, is already at Oxford; Greenbloom and the dead girl have not yet appeared; the Irish confusions are outgrown as the tale proceeds from the First to the Second World War. Two more brothers and a sister fill the age gap between David and John. The young Blaydons bicker, tease, tell tales, but are fiercely loyal as a group; their lives are regulated by religion and social standing, for Father is a well-to-do High Anglican vicar; all are dominated by and united in love for their tiny mother, a whirlwind fury of fanatic faith.

Her favorite, and therefore the main object of her wrath, is handsome, lazy, pleasure-loving David. "You go out for a nice little innocent trip," he grumbles, "and when you come back a few hours later you have to face the Spanish Inquisition, Armageddon and the Last Judgment all in one." His answer to the fear inspired by her rage and his knowledge of his own weakness is to take ever greater risks. Neither Holy Orders nor happy marriage can check his slide to ruin. His tragic plight is to be a sinner and a believer.

John is less tempted by the "sins of the flesh" and more skeptical about religion. All these prayers, he thinks, at home, in church, on any and every occasion, for all manner of objects—he would like to see some result from these impassioned invocations. But in a crisis, when David's stubborn folly brings him crashing to death in a disused quarry at his brother's feet, it is the family John needs, the appalling mother, the futile father, the ghastly sister, the grotesque brothers. God is only a name; but for the love of God will someone assure him that David's soul has not gone hurtling to hell! In the final tremendous scene, mouthing responses to his mother's prayers by David's coffin in the empty church, John is so closely joined to her that he shares her awful vision of a barefoot child running for safety to the altar. "My David, my poor naked David." At last love has broken her terrible will to force her children to obey her iron laws.

In this book Gabriel Fielding clearly emerges as a major novelist. His increased power and control are marked. Each episode is dramatic and significant; each character, however minor—a vulgar flirt, a saintly Brother, a gossipy servant, a gibbering amateur politico, a pompous curate—all are exposed in startling flashes of insight, all contribute to the climax. And this, we are told on the last page, is only "The End of the Beginning." Again the challenge, again the promise. Fielding himself is probably unaware of what lies ahead; but that he has already blazed a trail into the dark jungle of human nature there can be no doubt.

Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

Here, assembled by Lysander Kemp of Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico, is a group of quotations from English and United States poets which mention Mexico. He asks you to assign these quotations to the correct authors. Answers on page 76.

1. Behold the famous States
   Harrying Mexico
   With rifle and with knife! ( ) Andrew Marvell
2. Peru once more a race of kings behold,
   And other Mexicos be roofed with gold. ( ) Wallace Stevens
3. What say the Bells of San Blas
   To the ships that southward pass
   From the harbor of Mazathan? ( ) Ralph Waldo Emerson
4. Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
   Echo beyond the Mexique bay. ( ) Allen Ginsberg
5. . . . who disappeared into the volcanoes of Mexico leaving behind nothing except the shadow of dungarees . . . ( ) Alexander Pope
6. *Hola! Hola! Mexicanos! Glance away a moment towards me.*
   Just turn your eyes this way, Mexicanos!
   They turned not at all, they glanced not one his way. ( ) Robert Southey
7. Not half so gorgeous, for their May-day mirth
   All wreath'd and ribanded, our youth and maids,
   As these stern *Tlascalans* in war attire! ( ) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
8. Sepulchral señors, bibbling pale mescal,
   Oblivious to the Aztec almanacs,
   Should make the intricate Sierra scan. ( ) D. H. Lawrence

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Sweet, "Depressed Area" Home

"The Death and Life of Great American Cities," by Jane Jacobs (Random House. 448 pp. $5.95), blasts the urban renewal projects that would destroy the character of cherished neighborhoods in an effort to "unslum" them. New York City Councilman Robert A. Low was the first director of NYC's Neighborhood Conservation Program.

By Robert A. Low

A BAND of residents of New York's Greenwich Village recently raised such havoc at a meeting of the City Planning Commission at City Hall that several of their members had to be removed by the police. The cause of the uproar was the proposal of the Commission to designate an area of the Village as "appropriate for urban renewal," "characterized by blight and suitable for clearance, replanning, reconstruction or rehabilitation." The opposition was sparked by Jane Jacobs, a resident of the area and associate editor of *Architectural Forum*.

The specific objections of Mrs. Jacobs to urban redevelopment of the Village are a part of deep and basic objections to the entire current public program of massive slum clearance, urban renewal, and giant housing projects. Mrs. Jacobs expresses her volatile views at length in "The Death and Life of Great American Cities."

The author is a lover of cities and their congested streets, and her theme will hold more appeal to urban-lovers than to the millions who seek respite in countrylike or suburban residential dormitories.

Diversity, argues Mrs. Jacobs, is the well-spring of a neighborhood's vitality and a city's greatness. She points, as a good example, to her own Hudson Street in Greenwich Village in the area of the City Planning Commission proposal. This is a mixed residential and business street of buildings of various ages, which draws workers from nearby businesses and industrial plants to its retail stores, bars, and restaurants, insuring busy pedestrian traffic throughout the day and much of the night. In this pattern of life on Hudson Street Mrs. Jacobs sees "an intricate ballet in which the individual dancers and ensembles all have distinctive parts which miraculously reinforce each other and compose an orderly whole."

To generate this kind of diversity, Mrs. Jacobs insists on four conditions:

1. At least two mixed primary uses—*i.e.*, business, residential, educational, or cultural—to avoid the single-purpose factory district or shopping center or apartment project or college campus or cultural center.
2. Short blocks and more streets to stimulate the use of streets by persons on different schedules bent on different purposes.
3. Buildings of various ages and conditions. A bank or chain food store can afford the rent of a new building, but a neighborhood restaurant, shoe repair shop, or bookstore probably can't.
4. Density of dwellings. A high concentration of people is desirable so long as there is not overcrowding within dwelling units.

What is Mrs. Jacobs's alternative to huge publicly-financed or publicly-subsidized housing projects? She says that the government does not take over the ownership or management of subsidized farms or subsidized airlines. Why, she asks, should the government take over housing merely because the government contributes a subsidy?

She suggests the creation of a government agency to subsidize the private builder; first, by guaranteeing mortgage money where conventional financing is not available, and, second, by guaranteeing to the builder an annual economic rent. The builder, on his part, would be required to build in a designated area and to select his tenants without initial examination of their incomes. Rents paid by the tenants would then be adjusted to take into account disparity of incomes. The guaranteed annual economic rent would include amortization of costs and construction, as well as maintenance costs and taxes. This would eliminate the need for large-scale clearance, retain tax income now lost in public ownership, and, in Mrs. Jacobs's view, assure the diversity in peoples and uses of buildings that is all-important for the reinvigoration of a neighborhood and a city.

The proposal for an annual economic rent should stimulate planners to consider means of attracting private builders into the urban housing field. In the same way, it is hoped that planners will seriously think about Mrs. Jacobs's ideas regarding the need for diversity in urban areas. Some of this thinking is already taking hold so that, for example, commercial space is now being provided in some of the huge residential projects.

Mrs. Jacobs's recommendations fall far short of what is needed to tackle the enormous job of saving and rehabilitating our cities. But her ideas should be studied and in many cases adopted by the planners of redevelopment whom she so strongly attacks.

—*D. Jordan-Wilson (Pix)*

Washington Mews in New York—vitality in diversity.

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The Apathy of the Adolescent

"Strangers in the House: Catholic Youth in America," by Andrew M. Greeley *(Sheed & Ward. 180 pp. $3.50), seeks the causes and cure of the adolescent indifference that leads to delinquency. Helen Burgess, a member of the Book Review Committee of the Child Study Association of America, writes on child development and family life.*

By Helen Burgess

EVOCATIVE and disquieting as the title of this little book is, those who live or work with today's young adolescents will recognize its applicability to the generation of which the author speaks.

> Our house is filled with strangers, with young people who have never known a depression . . . can barely remember a major war . . . never suffered serious privation . . . have had more showered on them than has any group of young people in the history of the human race. Yet somehow . . . they seem to be a silent, almost dazed lot . . . to have lost vigor and drive . . . enthusiasm and vision.

The book is not an indictment of today's young people nor of the generation that reared them, but an examination of the factors in our culture that have created an apathy at its core, in spite of the frenzy of production. This point of view is not new, and, indeed, the author quotes heavily from Erik Erikson, Paul Goodman, Edgar Friedenberg, and Norman Cousins, who have found the same sad lethargy behind the clamor for independence, the drive to get into college (and to get out), the overindulgence of the senses in alcohol and sex, and the apparent daring rebellion that manifests itself in cheating, delinquency, and crime. Flamboyance may mask but not conceal an underlying colorlessness, and behind the voracious "Get it while you can!" attitude may lie a feeling that nothing is really worth getting.

We have throughout history tended to think of youth and adolescence as the years of rebellion against whatever *status quo* prevailed, the years when violent criticism prepared the way for new creation, whether in social customs, morals, art, or politics. In the Twenties Sinclair Lewis leveled his charges against the deadly monotony and corruption of the spirit that was inherent in American middle-class marriage, social life, medicine, and church-going. Then, it was the adults who had lost their vision. Now, we fear it is youth that has failed to find it.

Andrew Greeley is a sociologist and a Catholic priest. But this book is, most happily, neither a sociological treatise nor a clerical polemic. As a sociologist he writes, not as so many worthies do about "The Family" or "The Child," but warmly about parents and children trying to communicate with one another and to find satisfaction in living. In a chapter called "The Loss of Self" he delineates in a few paragraphs the way a young person develops or fails to develop a sense of his own integrity, a section that anyone from Dr. Spock to Dr. Freud would find illuminating if not profound. He suggests that among the instinctual drives that modern man has forced into the unconscious is the impulse to find meaning and value in life itself. This can be argued, and has been, sincerely and semantically, but it remains a question that men of good will must continue to discuss.

As a professed religious, trained in the Roman Catholic Church, Father Greeley has limited his criticism of church education and dogma to an examination of the church he personally knows and represents. He does this with all humility, a word he has explored beautifully. A good deal of his critique, however, could as well apply to other branches of sectarianism as well as to secular education and social mores. There are, of course, words and phrases —"love of God," "saint," "state of grace" —that will have a more precise meaning for the Catholic reader than for the rest of us. They are few, however, and in the context they neither confuse nor irritate the non-Catholic reader.

To this reviewer, one of the most striking things about this book is the anomaly of its having been written by a priest and addressed so specifically to Catholic youth (although he does say in the beginning that it may apply to American youth as a whole). In some fashion that is hard to identify, and within the framework of occasional liturgical phraseology, a sense emerges of the common basis of all religions. It is never stated, yet it is there: the grand and awesome Judaeo-Christian tradition and faith that underlie Western democracy as a philosophy and a practice. Today one fears not only that it is not being vigorously defended, but that even its betrayal is a faltering one.

As is so frequently the case in books of this kind, the prosecution is stronger than the defense, the answers less profound than the questions. Those whom Father Greeley calls "The Saving Remnant," be they scout leaders, social workers, or Tom Dooleys, may or may not be the strong, healthy, and productive human beings that we so desperately need. Perhaps there cannot be good books that give answers, though there are plenty of bad books that do. This is a good book.

THE HAVE-MOSTS: One home place where a profit is not only not without, but actually with, much honor is Texas, or, as it should perhaps be called, Taxes, USA. In fact, nowhere else on the globe—not even in America proper—have profits and their profiteers been so consistently made at home, and nowhere have oil rights been so zealously defended. "The oil depletion allowance," allows one Texan, "is just like motherhood." Unfortunately for future generations, however, the real rights and wrongs of the oil business, its incredible largeness and largesse, are barely indicated in John Bainbridge's **"The Super-Americans"** (Doubleday, $5.95).

Mr. Bainbridge has, however, made a determined and largely successful effort to present his Super-Americans—who sometimes seem to be wasting away of conspicuous consumption—in a fresh light and with as little hot air as possible considering the subject. Here is the San Antonio dowager who doesn't mix with oilmen (and vice versa), the college football stadium equipped with plug-ins for electric blankets, and the incredible Neiman-Marcus department store, which, for generations, has provided the oil folks at home with all manner (and some manners) of advice and contentment. If America is now divisible into the Haves and Have Mores, as Mr. Bainbridge clearly believes, then Texans are still the Have Mosts. But they have their troubles, too. The Houston *Post* recently editorialized about the biggest check ever drawn being deposited in London, the biggest locally-financed skyscraper going up in Chicago, and the biggest man-made lake being made in Russia. "It's about time Texas came up with some 'biggests.' We haven't had a very important one since Alaska bumped Texas out of its biggest state position." And, as elsewhere in the nation, even in Texas tradition is dying —if slowly. Last year, for instance, they air-conditioned the Alamo. Cold air, too.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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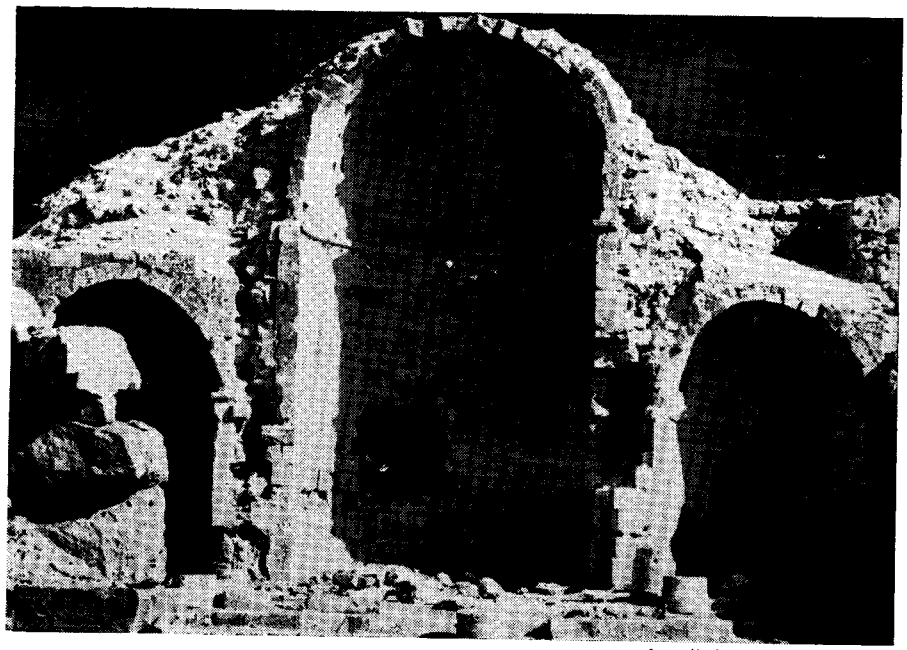
Land of Solomon and Sabras



—Israeli Office of Information

Ruins at Shivta

"Masters of the Desert: 6000 Years in the Negev," by Yaakov Morris (Putnam. 391 pp. $6.95), assesses, in terms of its past, the potentialities of the arid area that comprises more than one-third of Israel. Cyrus H. Gordon is professor of Near Eastern Studies at Brandeis University.

By Cyrus H. Gordon

THE THESIS of this fact-packed and interesting book is that Israel could support a population of 8,000,000—or four times its present population—through known techniques of producing food. Since the Negev constitutes the larger part of Israel's area, the development of the nation resolves itself in large measure to transforming the Negev from wasteland to habitation. The author, who is currently an Israeli Consul in New York, does not try to answer the question of how many Jews in the Diaspora will settle in Israel, or when. But, given freedom of movement, he thinks that 1965 will see a population of 3,000,000; 1975, 4,000,000; and 1985, 5,000,000 with 2,000,000 in the Negev.

Palestine in general, but the Negev in particular, is the intercontinental bridge spanning Africa and Asia, and has therefore been the scene of cultural interaction, migration, and interbreeding. Situated between the two great centers of civilization in remote antiquity—Egypt and Mesopotamia—it contributed to, as well as borrowed from, both. The historical importance of the Negev follows from its location.

The author gives us a good compilation of recent archeological discoveries as reported in the press. However, the mass of historical and archeological data needs considerable sifting and evaluation. Several statements require correction. For instance, the observation that the Dead Sea "Scrolls were placed in the Dead Sea cave before Jesus was born" is inaccurate. Some of the Scrolls were written before Jesus was born, but they were hidden in the caves at Qumran around 68 A.D., a couple of years before the destruction of the Temple in 70 A.D. The statement that the earliest artistic representation of the camel dates from as late as 1,000 B.C. is factually wrong, even though it is based on the pronouncements of an eminent scholar with a large following. Twenty-two years ago the reviewer published a Near East seal cylinder in the Walters Art Gallery, in Baltimore, depicting two personages riding on a Bactrian camel. That this seal dates from about the fourteenth century B.C. has never been questioned, but its existence is generally disregarded.

Even though the book understandably presents an Israeli viewpoint, it is not chauvinistic historically. If the author expresses pride in the accomplishments of the ancient Judaeans in the Negev, he is no less generous in his praise of the Nabataeans, whose agricultural triumphs over the aridness of the Negev deserve the highest admiration. The Nebataeans, by the way, were Arabs.

While the volume deals essentially with practical matters, it is impossible to disregard the long and fascinating history of the Negev. The reviewer had the good fortune to be a member of Nelson Glueck's expeditions through the Negev and Aravah back in 1934 when the now-famous ancient copper mines were identified. The Judaean smelting plant at Ezion-Geber must have been connected with the overseas trade through that port. The Judaeans probably paid for their imports by shipping quantities of copper in exchange for the gold and other commodities of Ophir. Modern Israel has rightly attached importance to its outlet on the Red Sea. In the War for Independence great sacrifices were made to hold Elath, and the Sinai Campaign of 1956 opened the sea-lanes which Israel now protects by its Red Sea squadron. This makes it possible for Israel to trade with East Africa and South Asia, in the tradition of King Solomon.

The author knows how to tell a story well. The reader will enjoy the saga of Alexander Zarchin, who overcame every obstacle to devise and put across a practical method of removing salt from sea water. Since water is the main problem of the Negev, Zarchin's work should have increasing importance.

It is amazing to see how far the Israelis are stretching their meager freshwater resources. Sprinklers are in evidence everywhere, converting desert into fertile fields. The most imposing project, now under construction, is the 108-inch pipeline for bringing Jordan water into the Negev, in keeping with the Lowdermilk plan to harness the Jordan for pumping some of its own waters up for use in the arid south.

The Negev is about as interesting a place as one can find in the world today. It is a land of pioneering and scientific achievement. Brave men and women are turning a dry wilderness into a land teeming with life. They are creating farms and cattle ranches in the desert, harnessing solar energy, exploiting the chemicals of the Dead Sea, and transforming a barren waste into a productive region of their little land—while at the same time they maintain a state of military readiness in the face of hostile neighbors. Twice Morris aptly recalls the verse from Nehemiah (4:11) telling of the returnees who, some

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2,500 years ago, worked with one hand, while in the other they held a weapon for defense against their ancient foes.

The poor prospects for Arab-Israeli peace in the foreseeable future are a fact—an illogical fact, but a fact nonetheless. What the outside world does not know is that the average individual Arab across Israel's borders wants peace with Israel. This does not mean that he is pleased with the presence of Israel or satisfied with the complications that Israel, as a new factor in the area, has brought in its wake. But he knows that Israel is there to stay for a long time, and he prefers the advantages of peace to the disadvantages of hostile barbed-wire borders. The reason he does not dare raise his voice is fear of public opinion. There is a tremendous amount of timidity in the Arab world. Everyone is afraid of what the others may think, even though the others may secretly be in agreement with him. This fear holds for social as well as political matters.

The Introduction, written by David Ben-Gurion, is an important document in its own right because it is B-G's credo that "the supreme test of Israel in our generation lies, not in its struggle with hostile forces without, but in its success in gaining domination, through science and pioneering, over the wastelands of its country in the expanses of the South and the Negev."

"Masters of the Desert" is more than a book on the Negev. It is an excellent induction to contemporary Israel.

Personality of a People

***"The Will of Zeus: A History of Greece from the Origins of Hellenic Culture to the Death of Alexander," by Stringfellow Barr** (Lippincott. 496 pp. $10), peoples a seminal civilization with its all-too-human contradictions. Lionel Casson, professor of classics at New York University, is the author of "The Ancient Mariners," "Masters of Ancient Comedy," and other studies of antiquity.*

By Lionel Casson

"THIS book tries to tell what the ancient Greeks said and did and what seemed to them important," writes Stringfellow Barr, who for more than three decades has studied and taught what they said and did. It is not a formal history: if you want a precise chronicle of events, constitutional details, etc., go to Bury's "History of Greece" or the like. What Barr has set out to give is a clear-eyed, understanding biography of the Greeks. He has succeeded brilliantly.

It is a finely unified biography: the varied elements of a long life, reaching from before the days Homer wrote of to Alexander's conquests, are all woven together; Barr leaves no loose threads to be tied up in separate formal sections on "religion," "art," "literature," and so on. He describes Homer's poems and then, as he moves along, tells how their two heroes mirrored Greeks of all epochs. Achilles, with his hair-trigger sense of personal honor and his devotion to puncturing people with spear and sword, was a model for the nobles who ruled the various city-states until the oncoming of democracy, and for Sparta during all its history; Odysseus's horse sense touched a responsive chord in Solon and Pericles, and his slipperiness appealed to Athens's master of slipperiness, Themistocles.

MR. BARR recounts that bloody, crucial age, the twenty-seven years of the Peloponnesian War, and, as he does, tells what certain articulate men who lived through it thought about it—thus bringing into the same focus the reactions of Thucydides, a historian; Aristophanes, a writer of comedy, and Euripides, a writer of tragedy. His narrative ends with Alexander, the incredible figure who joined the brains of Odysseus to the beauty and violence of Achilles; it was he who saw a way out of the searing antagonisms that racked the ancient world, but he died before he had a chance to give it a real test, and no one ever after had the courage or vision to follow his lead.

"I have tried to avoid moralizing, opining, and assigning rewards and punishments," says Barr in his Preface. A seductive temptation to resist but, by and large, he has done it. He portrays the Greeks in all their contradictions: their amazing literary and philosophical and political contributions, their racism and savagery and suicidal dedication to tiny city-states—a dedication that tore their world apart the way dedication to national sovereignty does ours. He records the magnificent achievements of fifth-century Athens—the architecture that has served as a model for millennia, the glorious festivals for which some of the world's best comedy and tragedy was written—, and he records, too, that these were paid for in large part with tribute extorted from subjects by a tyrant state; then (nothing is simple in history) he tells how the tyrant state, being itself a democracy, consistently backed and helped the democratic parties within its subjects to power against narrow-minded oligarchies. In Barr's pages you see the Alexander who strove to make Greek and Persian brother, and the Alexander who mercilessly butchered thousands of the peoples he conquered.

BUT it is hard to be forever neutral, and the author occasionally lets his sympathies show. For example, in the story of the Greek resistance to the invading Persians in 490 and 480 B.C. his Greeks come out as glorious fighters for freedom, and (following Herodotus) he has the Persian army advance to the attack under the cracking of whips. To Barr, at Thermopylae free men fighting desperately for their liberty went down to glorious defeat before the cowardly hordes of a despot. Thermopylae *became* glorious; at the time, it was a sickening mess lost through Greek cowardice compounded with treachery and self-interest (poets immortalized the 300 Spartans who died to a man and conveniently forgot about the 4,700-odd who didn't show up). Barr's narrative itself later reveals that the Persians needed no whips; they could fight and die as well as any "free" Greek.

And though Barr has resisted moralizing to an admirable extent, he hasn't avoided it altogether. For example, in reading his description of fourth-century Athens you can sense the bad taste left in his mouth by the people of this age who liked money and the comforts it brought, who went to the theatre to be amused by comedy and not purged by tragedy, whose lives were such that "the hard sunburnt body of the free Athenian often turned white and soft." An age that practices worth-while ideals is admittedly better than one devoted to easy living. But the fourth-century Athenian who grubbed shamelessly for money was less of a hypocrite than his fifth-century ancestor who, after frantically applauding Aeschylus's noble preachments, hustled his hard sunburnt body to the Assembly to practice tyranny with his votes.

It isn't often, though, that Barr forgets himself; most of his story comes out with the balance he intends. And he tells it in language that is lucidity itself and with a spirit that makes the narrative race along. This is not merely an absorbing book; it is an exciting one as well.

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Christmas Books for Varied Tastes

Fiction

AN AMERICAN VISITOR. By Joyce Cary. Harper. $3.95.
An idealistic American woman journalist comes to Nigeria with some Rousseauesque theories about the primitive life.

ASSEMBLY. By John O'Hara. Random House. $5.95.
The novelist's attention to detail and his curiosity about people are displayed in this collection of twenty-six stories, all but three of which were written in the summer of 1960.

A BURNT-OUT CASE. By Graham Greene. Viking. $3.95.
A despondent church architect who has lost his faith flees to the sanctuary of a jungle leproserie, where he finds a kind of salvation.

CATCH-22. By Joseph Heller. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.
Potshots are aimed at a few cherished military institutions, from security checks to the medical corps, in this story of the good soldier Yossarian.

CHINA COURT. By Rumer Godden. Viking. $4.50.
The secrets of five generations of the Quin family are revealed in this story of a romantic country house in the wilds of Cornwall.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT. By Elio Vittorini. Translated by Frances Keene. New Directions. $3.75.
Two powerful novellas about modern Italy, one written in the Thirties, the other in 1950.

THE DEMONS. By Heimito von Doderer. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Knopf. $13.50.
The burning of the Austrian Supreme Court Building in 1927 is the high point of this very long novel, which embraces a cross-section of Austrian society.

THE EDGE OF SADNESS. By Edwin O'Connor. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.
The spiritual problems of an ex-alcoholic priest are woven through this chronicle of the Irish-American.

EIGHT MEN. By Richard Wright. World. $3.95.
Each of these eight stories deals with the struggle of the American Negro to survive in a hostile and forbidding world.

THE EMPTY CANVAS. By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Angus Davidson. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50.
The author feels that this best-seller in Italy "should be viewed as a novel and also as an essay on artist and matter, subject and reality."

THE FOX AND THE CAMELLIAS. By Ignazio Silone. Translated by Eric Mosbacher. Harper. $3.50.
The tranquility and happiness of a Swiss mountain family are upset by the father's anti-Fascist activities.

FRANNY AND ZOOEY. By J. D. Salinger. Little, Brown. $4.
The youngest members of the now-legendary Glass family make their debut in book form in two novellas.

GOD WAS BORN IN EXILE. By Vintila Horia. Translated by A. Lytton Sells. St. Martin's. $4.95.
About the Roman poet Ovid in his declining days spent in sad exile on the shores of the Black Sea.

THE GREAT WAVE AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Lavin. Macmillan. $3.50.
While the idiom of these six stories is Irish, their wit and distinction are universal.

HARVEST ON THE DON. By Mikhail Sholokhov. Translated by H. C. Stevens. Knopf. $5.
This fourth novel in the Don cycle deals with the difficulties of collectivization in the steppe country of the Don Cossacks.

THE HOUSE ON COLISEUM STREET. By Shirley Ann Grau. Knopf. $3.50.
A neurotic and purposeless New Orleans girl courts disaster with her sister's rejected suitor.

IN A SUMMER SEASON. By Elizabeth Taylor. Viking. $3.95.
In this English country novel an attractive widow marries a man ten years her junior.

MAN'S DESIRING. By Menna Gallie. Harper. $3.50.
Shenanigins of the red-brick University of England's Welfare State.

MEMED, MY HAWK. By Yasher Kemal. Translated by Eduoard Roditi. Pantheon. $4.95.
About a legendary Turkish figure, a bandit who fights despotism while succoring the poor.

THE OLD MEN AT THE ZOO. By Angus Wilson. Viking. $5.
A zoo becomes a vortex of political intrigue in 1973's fear-ridden London.

THE OLD WOMAN, THE WIFE, AND THE ARCHER: Three Modern Japanese Short Novels. Translated by Donald Keene. Viking. $3.95.
Shichiro Fukasawa, Chiyo Uno, and Jun Ishikawa, all unknown in America, are the three contemporary writers introduced here.

THE PAWNBROKER. By Edward Lewis Wallant. Harcourt, Brace and World. $4.50.
A Polish refugee professor, survivor of a Nazi extermination camp, buries himself in a Harlem pawn-shop until a selfless act brings him back to the living.

POPE JOAN. By Emmanuel Royidis. Translated by Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.50.
First published in 1886, this bawdy retelling of the legend of the peasant girl who became Pope John III follows in the tradition of Petronius and Rabelais.

REMBRANDT. By Gladys Schmitt. Random House. $5.95.
A vivid portrait of the Dutch master, delineated with the lights and shadows of his great paintings.

RESPITE. By Kimon Lolos. Harper. $3.50.
In a brief reprieve before battle a tormented young Greek lieutenant refuses himself the solace of a lovely woman.

RIDERS IN THE CHARIOT. By Patrick White. Viking. $5.95.
Four outcasts from society figure in this Australian story of man's search for redemption.

A SHOOTING STAR. By Wallace Stegner. Viking. $5.
A discontented physician's wife finds that wanton sensuality is no answer to her many problems.

THE SPINOZA OF MARKET SREET. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.95.
Irony, fantasy, and lyricism characterize this collection of stories by perhaps the greatest contemporary Yiddish writer.

SPIRIT LAKE. By MacKinlay Kantor. World. $6.95.
The meaningless but fearsome combat between settlers and Indians in the Minnesota territory of the 1850s is recreated in this pioneering epic.

TALES FROM A TROUBLED LAND. By Alan Paton. Scribners. $3.50.
Ten candid and sympathetic stories about South African life, which amplify today's troubled headlines.

TAKE A GIRL LIKE YOU. By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.
The conquest of an attractive schoolmarm from the provinces preoccupies a non-U Latin master.

THE VOICE OF THE DOLPHINS AND OTHER STORIES. By Leo Szilard. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound $3. Paperback $1.
In this quintet the great nuclear physicist turns his hand to science fiction.

(*Continued on page* 55)

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EXCERPTS FROM RECENT RELEASES: A HOLIDAY SAMPLER

Those England-Returned Blues

"ENGLAND-RETURNED," like that other much-quoted phrase "Failed B.A.," was the kind of Indianism that used to amuse the British very much when it turned up on a job application. To Indians, naturally, it had a serious and precise meaning. Even "Failed B.A.," after all, meant to us not that a young man had flunked one examination, but that he had been through all the years of school and college that led to a degree—an important consideration in a country where illiteracy is the norm and education a luxury.

In the course of a generation that became increasingly sensitive to ridicule, those useful phrases had fallen out of fashion, and by the time Anand and I returned to Bombay we had to find our own descriptions for our uneasy state. We usually picked rather fancy ones, about how our ideas were too advanced for Bombay, or how enterprise could never flourish in India within the deadly grip of the family system, or we made ill-digested psychological comments on the effects of acceptance as a way of life. What we meant, of course, was that we were suffering from the England-returned blues. Mine was a milder case than Anand's, partly because my parents were "liberal"—not orthodox Hindus, that is—and, after fifteen years of wandering about the world in the diplomatic service, were prepared to accept with equanimity and even a certain doubtful approval the idea of my getting a job on a magazine in Bombay . . .

—From "Gifts of Passage," by Santha Rama Rau (Harper, $4.95).

Legacy of the Apes

NOT IN innocence and not in Asia, was mankind born. The home of our fathers was that African highland reaching north from the Cape to the Lakes of the Nile. Here we came about —slowly, ever so slowly—on a sky-swept savannah glowing with menace.

In neither bankruptcy nor bastardy did we face our long beginnings. Man's line is legitimate. Our ancestry is firmly rooted in the animal world, and to its subtle, antique ways our hearts are yet pledged. Children of all animal kind, we inherited many a social nicety as well as the predator's way. But most significant of all our gifts, as things turned out, was the legacy bequeathed us by those killer apes, our immediate forebears. Even in the first long days of our beginnings we held in our hand the weapon, an instrument somewhat older than ourselves.

Man is a fraction of the animal world. Our history is an afterthought, no more, tacked to an infinite calendar. We are not so unique as we should like to believe. And if man in a time of need seeks deeper knowledge concerning himself, then he must explore those animal horizons from which we have made our quick little march.

—From "African Genesis: A Personal Investigation Into the Animal Origins and Nature of Man." By Robert Ardrey (Atheneum, $6.95).

Gastronomic Pleasures

WE HAVE eaten our way down the length of Italy from Piedmont and its *agnolotti* dishes of mixed boiled meats and its sauces called *fondua* and *bagna calda*. We have had *ossobuco*, a cut of the veal bone with saffron-colored rice which is the specialty of Milano. We've eaten the fish dishes and fish soups of Venice; the *pesto* sauce made of basil, olive oil and goat cheese. We've tasted the *tagliatelle* and *tortellini* and the great sausages of Bologna, *mortadella, cotechino* and salami, and its hams. We've stuffed ourselves on Tuscany's roast suckling pigs and the products of the Roman kitchen, the fried meats, the *fettucini*, the *bacalao* and deviled meats. In Naples we've had *pasta asciutta* and *pizza*, with the sauces which increase in fragrance and potency the farther south you go. We also have paid attention to the wines—the Chianti, Lacrima Christi, Barbaresco, Barbera, Soave, Orvieto, Verdiso—after all these pleasures of the stomach it is time to see a doctor who will direct us to a pleasant retreat where the air, water and management combine to restore the victims of good food and to send them back with fresh appetites.

As the old Prince said, it is an awful responsibility to send someone anywhere. One of the great experiences of travel lies in taking upon yourself the risk of discovery. You may, unaccountably, turn into a crowded street—at the end of which, facing the most beautiful panorama you have seen, is a little hotel of which you have never heard, and which is perfect—and where even with a little car and a thin checkbook you are the *ricchissimo* traveler in the world.

—From "Bemelmans' Italian Holiday," written and illustrated by Ludwig Bemelmans (Houghton Mifflin, $5).

Night Jingles

Two New England Girls

SAID Louise Bogan to Phyllis Duganne,
"Sometimes I've thought I could dance with a fan."
"Stick close to the home is my present slogan,"
Said Phyllis Duganne to Louise Bogan.

At the Algonquin

Said Eustace Tilley to Tilly Losch,
"Will you join me, my dear, in a bout of squash?"
"You're very friendly, but don't be silly,"
Said Tilly Losch to Eustace Tilley.

An Old Faith for New Needs

Said Reinhold Niebuhr to Nibelung Mime, "S-
ometimes I still get the screaming meemies."
"You've strayed from the worship of Wotan, mein lieber,"
Said Nibelung Mime to Reinhold Niebuhr.

—From "Night Thoughts," by Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.50).

Shakespeare's Succulent Meat

INTERVIEWER: What do you regard as the most complex role that you've ever undertaken on the stage? What has been the toughest one, the most complicated?

[JOSE] FERRER: Probably Iago.

INTERVIEWER: Why?

FERRER: Well, Shakespeare's the greatest playwright that I've ever worked for, and, believe me, I've worked for them all—and gratefully. Iago had concomitant difficulties for me. Until I started rehearsing in "Othello," you know, Shakespeare's language was gibberish to me. Today I pick up Shakespeare for relaxation. I read "Titus Andronicus" or "Pericles, Prince of Tyre" or "Timon of Athens" or "Troilus

(*Continued on page 75*)

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Saturday Review

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SIR

FOR years the most persistent complaint about the American people was that they were apathetic. Let the lament cease. The apathy is no more. The prime fact about the American temper today is that the people are exploding out of indifference. They no longer have to be pushed or prodded into an awareness of needs and dangers. The national preoccupation with tailfins and large TV screens has given way to a sense of national and personal peril. Exit easy drift; enter apprehension.

The end of apathy, however, has not lead to any united resolve or steadfast pursuit of clearly understood objectives. Instead, the treadmills are in furious operation, accompanied by flailing and thrashing. The danger has produced insecurity and exasperation rather than purpose. In fact, the country is precariously close to an anxiety neurosis. The recognition of danger is exceeded only by the feeling of uneasiness and confusion.

Out of it all, at least two trends seem to be emerging. One is hard, driving, primitive. It has its own absolutist ideas of what is wrong and what has to be done. It believes that the threat of a red totalitarianism can be met only with counter-totalitarian tactics and ideas. It draws a sharp line around its own adherents, the better to condemn as unpatriotic those who stand outside. It wages a campaign of unremitting pressure and sometimes even terror against vulnerable individuals or organizations; *i. e.*, those in government or related fields—education, religion, communications, entertainment, etc. For example, pressure will be put on teachers' associations to engage certain "approved" speakers or to cancel speakers who are considered subversive. Suspicion, an integral part of the movement, is directed even against men like General Eisenhower and his brother Milton, members of the Supreme Court, large parts of the ministry and some parts of the priesthood, and owners of the press, especially if they operate in the East. The U. N. is a prime target.

The fact that the movement is preposterous and ridiculous does not keep it from existing. It exists because it keeps drilling away on the exposed nerve of American insecurity. A favorite point of incision is the letters-to-the-editor column of newspapers. Still another is the mailbag of Congress.

But there is a second trend, opposite in nature though not yet equal in effect. It is, or could be, an important and constructive trend. It involves people who are eager to explore ideas, to read and think and discuss. They are hungry for better information than they seem to be getting. They want to act; they would like to be responsible and relevant. But they don't know where best to take hold.

It is to those who see themselves as part of this second trend or movement that we now address ourselves. We should like to propose the formation of a Society for Individual Responsibility, with local chapters throughout the country. It would be based on the proposition that in a free society the individual is responsible. He is responsible for what happens to that society. He is responsible for the decisions the government makes in his name or for its policies and actions, its decisions or indecisions. Therefore, he has both the need and the right to be informed.

The Society for Individual Responsibility would have no national officers or directors. It would have no dues. It would not exist as a formal organization. Its sole purpose would be to provide a responsible outlet for individuals who would like to make a personal connection with what is happening in the nation and the world in a way that may count for something. Ideally, each unit of SIR would consist of no more than twenty or thirty persons. The activities of a unit would be divided into two broad categories. One category would deal with information, the other with action.

On the information front, SIR participants would be assigned to task-force fact-finding groups. For example, three or four members might be assigned to the Berlin question. They would work as a team, gathering and studying source materials, examining such documents as may be available, reviewing literature on the subject, and then returning to the unit-at-large with their report. Another unit might be assigned to the Laos problem, or the fallout-shelter problem, or the Congo problem etc.

Responsible information can lead to responsible action. The kind of responsible action most needed today takes the form not of denunciation or threat but of working support. Men in public service are not knaves. They don't have to be harassed or threatened. But they do need evidence of constructive support for constructive policies. Most of the pressure today is on the other side. Both President Eisenhower and President Kennedy, for example, have spoken of the need to end the arms race on an enforceable basis and of the need to take specific steps in the direction of a world rule of law. These ideas cannot become national policies without a national response. SIR can help to generate such a positive response. In fact, if SIR did nothing except to concentrate on these ideas and issues that required *support*, avoiding opprobrium and ultimatum, it could exercise a prodigious effect in the field of national policy.

SIR requires no charter. All it needs is individuals who believe in the idea of personal responsibility, who crave knowledge and the open discussion of ideas, and who realize they can magnify their effectiveness by acting with others in behalf of constructive ideas and programs. To the extent that a clearing-house or exchange-post might be useful, the *Saturday Review* would be willing to apply itself in that direction. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TOYS, TOTS, AND TERRORS

I WOULD LIKE to share with *SR*'s readers my annual Christmas uneasiness over the grisly toys of played-at destruction which we fond American parents give to our children on the occasion of the birth of the Prince of Peace. The day this fall when a prominent shelf in our local A & P was invaded by a toy missile base ("Lay Away Now for Xmas") was the moment of truth for me. It is no longer possible to remain silent. When the arms race and the toy race become synonomous, what does this mean for a country whose President has just offered world leadership in a peace race? Are we happy about being the only nation in the world that manufactures miniature weapons and military accourterments on a large scale for our children?

My concern is not with stiffling the normal needs for the expression of aggression on the part of children. Nor have I even been unduly worried over the cult of violence in TV, comics, and the cowboy culture. It has been my observation as the mother of five active youngsters that healthy children with opportunities to develop a wide range of interests channel a very small proportion of their energy into violence, mock or real. My concern is that we are habituating our children to the possibility of nuclear destruction, so that they will grow up to an unquestioning use of self-annihilating means to defend an obsolete concept of the world.

How do you draw the line between permissible and nonpermissible toys in this context? It is not easy. Toy soldiers are an ancient and revered form of toy, hallowed in Robert Louis Stevenson's beloved "Child's Garden of Verses." At what point does the red-kerchiefed cowboy become a heavily holstered menace? Is a water pistol a gun? I think it is more important that we be conscious of the problem of emphasis than that any particular toy should be boycotted, *except for toy versions of equipment in current or past used by the armed forces*. Here our protest can be clear. Glorifying Revolutionary War and Civil War equipment and condemning nuclear equipment can only lead to confusion in the mind of the child.

Like many of your readers, I am a busy but anxious parent with little extra time at my disposal. My voice alone means nothing. Who will join me in an effort to open the minds of the children of our time to the challenges of peace by making available to them the toys of peace? I suggest the following:

1. Speak individually to the owners and managers of every store in your town that carries toys, asking (a) that toys based on the equipment of the armed services be removed from window fronts and prominent places of display and more constructive toys (of which, we can be thankful, there are many) be put in their place; (b) that they not order military toys for next year. This second request may be followed by the suggestion that the speaker will not buy toys another year in a store that carries war toys. This approach gives a period of several months for the force of public opinion to make itself felt before next year's war orders are placed. At present most toy store owners are themselves concerned about the war-toy emphasis but are convinced that they would go out of business if they did not stock war toys. (While unwilling parents say they have to buy them because they are on display and the children want them!) Breaking this vicious cycle is up to us.

2. Communicate with toy manufacturers (the owner of one of our local toy stores said he would be happy to let me have the names and addresses of all the companies he deals with) and not only request that they discontinue their military lines, but make specific suggestions about new types of toys. There are lots of good "domestically oriented" toys, but few internationally oriented ones. How about a Peace Corps Kit? How about an attractively designed "Toys Around the World" line? Toys and games from other lands, including Asia and Africa, are manufactured on a small scale by a firm in Delaware, Ohio, and possibly other places, but they need to be mass-produced to suit the average family's pocketbook.

3. Run ads in your local paper around Thanksgiving time when the big displays begin to be set up, offering support to local toy stores that cooperate in shifting the emphasis from the toys of war to the toys of peace. There are possibly many civic and church groups which might be willing to sign such ads, individually or collectively.

I recommend a large-scale movement to demand that the toys of peace replace the toys of war in our society, that our children may grow up with a knowledge of the kinds of tools that *solve* the conflicts of men and nations, rather than with a knowledge of the tools that *destroy* men and nations.

ELISE BOULDING.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

WHEN IN ROME . . .

IT'S WONDERFUL to see such a fine review in *SR* as Walt McCaslin's of the new Morley Callaghan book, "A Passion in Rome" [*SR*, Nov. 11]. Never satisfied, we do regret that it was attributed to Putnam.

DOLLY DAVIS,
Publicity Director,
Coward-McCann.

New York, N. Y.

MANGLED MEANINGS?

IN HIS MANNER OF SPEAKING [*SR*, Nov. 4], John Ciardi seems to be confusing the meanings of "different" and "better." When the Russians sent Titov orbiting the earth, and those twenty Russians crowded around one radio to listen to the news of it, they proved they knew something "different" from what we know, but not necessarily something "better."

If a choice is possible, it would be better if the Russians could learn to value some of the things we value and then we could both *try* to send a man, or 100 men, to the moon, not *race* to send them. In the meantime, the rest of us could live out our lives peacefully here on earth. It may require a different sort of knowledge to be able to build a fallout shelter and plan to live in one. It is better to know how not to need one.

MRS. G. H. GILLIS.

Rochester, N.Y.

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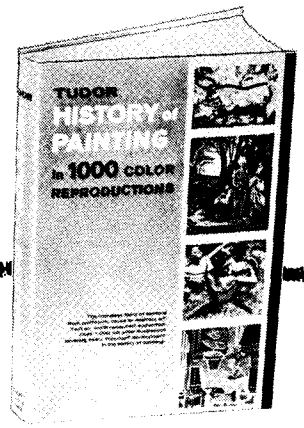

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

An Adult Look at Adultery

WHEN a writer of stature stoops to write a small play in a conventional form, he is usually reviled for it both by his fervent admirers, who suddenly find themselves obliged to invent apologies, and by those who feel that the writer was overrated to start with. T. S. Eliot and Tennessee Williams are playwrights recently so persecuted. Yet the smaller works of large dramatists can be happily unpretentious and at the same time faithfully express the writers' deepest insights and reflections.

This, I suspect, may be the case with Graham Greene's "**The Complaisant Lover,**" which has been variously received here. For some it is simply a farce involving adultery and ending with a sophisticated "design for living" arrangement. For others it appears to be the tragicomic story of a practical-joking dentist who suddenly finds that he is the victim of the most enormous joke of them all. But for those of us who have time for second and third thoughts, "The Complaisant Lover" seems an expression of Mr. Greene's profound dissatisfaction with a life and times that can turn deep if illicit passion into grotesque farce, and love into complaisance.

We meet Victor Rhodes, dentist and householder, who explains to us that love is not enough to produce a happy marriage, and that what is more essential is a sense of humor. One of his guests, a seller of rare books named Clive Root, comments that solving situations with jokes is the child's method. Then in a scene with a nineteen-year-old girl who offers to have an affair with him, Clive reveals some of the complexities of his own romantic experience, which is to fall in love with happily married women, partly because he doesn't care for innocence, and partly because he wants to prove himself better than other men. When he seduces these women, their husbands invariably find out, but instead of divorce they yield to an arrangement in which the lover relieves them of their "duty." This leaves the husbands free to develop "a beautiful brother-and-sister relationship" with their wives.

The dentist's wife, Mary, feels that passionate love between two people must always die in time, and that in marriage it is killed by the constant necessity of being concerned with the momentary emergencies of housekeeping and parenthood. Although she no longer sleeps with her husband, she finds herself torn between her compulsion to fulfill the other marital functions she has adopted and her desire to pursue her love affair with Clive.

With some amusingly absurd deceit a four-day rendezvous is arranged in Holland. It produces a hilariously funny scene in a hotel bedroom when Victor shows up earlier than expected. But undercutting this fun is Clive's bitter determination to turn his deep love into something more dignified than cheap farce. The last act continues in a comic vein until the point of discovery, and even then we see the shattered Victor hoist by one of his own practical jokes as he sits thunderstruck on his whoopee-bag. The denouement is bitterly humorous and ironic; we see that the position of this complaisant lover is the least joyous in the triangle.

The production here suffers in some respects from its casting. Sir Michael Redgrave cannot help being a bit too romantically formidable as the seedy dentist, although at moments when he is wheezing futilely with laughter after his own bad jokes, he does show us the character. His only partially abateable attractiveness makes Googie Wither's portrayal of Mary, a woman who is alternatively fiercely passionate and fearfully complacent, even more difficult than it already is. And the title role is played strangely by Richard Johnson. When Mr. Johnson communicates a gnawing at his innards by personal doubts and anger, this is the root of the matter. But there are times when his delivery of romantic lines is likely to strike an American ear as falsely melodramatic.

Nevertheless, despite these flaws in performance, "The Complaisant Lover" is sophisticated and entertaining theatre with a dash of Graham Greene's personal brand of bitters to give it distinction.

THERE is no opportunity this week to discuss the new musical "**Kean**" beyond describing it as a combination of bright excerpts from a witty and cynical play, decorative romantic music, and Alfred Drake's special musical comedy personality, and at the same time lamenting that most of the time no one of these three ingredients seems to be doing either of the others very much good. —HENRY HEWES.

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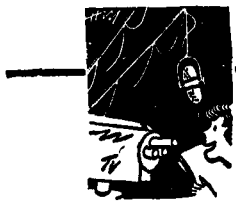

A Small Acre of Diamonds

SOMETHING must be wrong with communications between the CBS Television Network and the division that operates its five company-owned stations—or else Ed Sullivan would surely have had Sachio Kano on his national Sunday evening show by now. Kano is a diminutive, thirty-two-year-old Japanese pantomimist who lives in Chicago and works in one of the city's big packing houses. On a recent Saturday afternoon he made his television debut over WBBM-TV, the CBS Chicago channel, on "Repertoire Theatre," a new, local, live talent workshop series. His performance was filled with expressiveness and subtle artistry.

Mr. Sullivan and his scouts roam the world looking for talent; and here is a small acre of diamonds in our Lake Michigan yard. If he displayed it on the network, the event would have symbolic significance. It would give us hope that our national television system can draw successfully from untapped reservoirs of local talent. Television, assailed by critics, often asks: "Where are we to find the first-rate creative talent to produce consistent quality in our massive output of programs?" One answer is: "You must nourish the roots of the local talent tree."

This nourishment has been sadly lacking in television for quite some time. Was it five years ago that "Hawkins Falls," the last live, five-day-a-week dramatic strip, ceased originating from Chicago? Since then the cutback, by all three networks, in local shows employing live talent has been the cause for steady critical drumfire.

CBS has made a fine contribution with "Repertoire Theatre." In the background was not only the vigorous posture and favorable press of the new FCC chairman, but also the commission's important, trend-showing *En Banc* Programing Inquiry Policy Statement of July 27, 1960 (before Minow). This underscored a licensee's responsibility to serve the public interest by providing opportunity for 1) local self-expression, and 2) the development and use of local talent. WBBM-TV set about reaching for these goals in "Repertoire Theatre" with intensive zeal. It ran (and still runs) ads in *Variety* for local Chicago talent. Don Dillion, the program's executive producer, has auditioned or interviewed more than 400 people. Thirty-nine half-hour shows and four ninety-minute specials (the latter in prime time) were originally scheduled. But whatever the ratings, there's been no sponsor interest to date, and there's the rub.

The first show premiered in the Thursday night, once-a-month, Doerfer plan prime-time spot. Next February, however, the series switches from a once-a-week presentation, mostly on Saturdays, to a once-a-month schedule, probably Thursday nights. The reasons for the change reflect the hard facts of local talent life. Actors have been easy to find; writers, on the other hand, are a problem. Chicago has no Writers Guild; there are no respectable minimum rates. The pros are east or west where the markets are.

This means rewriting and reworking original scripts; the grind is hard for the staff. Furthermore, technicians must be paid overtime for camera rehearsals; and even a flagship station in so large a city as Chicago is no longer geared for such costs. If sponsor support is not quickly forthcoming, pressures develop to trim sails, and to parlay budgets in order to produce one good show in place of four poorer ones. And if this is the problem for a Chicago network-owned station, what is to be said of the smaller regional and independent stations? What is the formula for providing, in commercial context, nourishment for local drama at reasonable cost? The whole structure of legalistic casuistry underlying traditional interpretation of the public interest in broadcasting rests heavily on the concept of "reasonable."

How much is "reasonable" for a local station to invest in financially unrequited development of local talent in the arts? Short of exact yardsticks set up by the FCC or Congress, the answer is up to that welcome new word in the broadcasters' lexicon, "conscience." The CBS conscience should be a lot clearer in Chicago, by virtue of "Repertoire Theatre." Tough as it is proving, it is a step in a direction from which, I believe, there is no turning back in the years ahead in television. The grass roots have come back to stay. Perhaps the answer lies not in compulsively competing with the high-budgeted standards of the networks in drama, but in exploring the experimental, imaginative, nonstandard, and inexpensive paths of production—as exemplified by Sachio Kano's magnificent miming. After all, he brought his own material, Mr. Sullivan.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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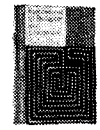

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Munch Begins His Last Go-Round—Fou Ts'Ong

THE past, present, and future of the Boston Symphony Orchestra coalesced more than casually at the first concert of its final season in Carnegie Hall. For it began with Charles Munch, who is retiring at the end of this season, conducting an "Elegy in Memory of Serge Koussevitzky" (his predecessor), by Howard Hanson. In a box was Erich Leinsdorf, who will succeed Munch, paying heed also to the orchestra's playing of a new symphony (No. 3) by Alexei Haieff and an old symphony (No. 1) by Johannes Brahms.

Of the two new works, Hanson's "Elegy" was, clearly, the easier to like. It is direct, straightforward, schooled in the manners of the eulogist, and above all, well-sounding. It seemed, somewhat, to follow the formula ascribed by the late Ernest Newman to the "Marche funèbre" of Chopin's B flat minor Sonata. "The poor fellow is dead" (sombre). "But he had a good life and he is probably enjoying the hereafter" (brightening up). "But, after all, he is dead" (sombre again). In Hanson's case, the "moving ahead" section suggestive of the conductor's long, active career tended also to recall some composers for whom he had a special partiality—Sibelius, Wagner, Copland. Whether this was wholly intentional, I have no way of knowing—but it was, in a special way, appropriate. Munch organized these as well as the other values with considerable persuasiveness, and with a hint of pastel shadings (in an autumnal hue) which typify the sound of the orchestra at its current best.

The Haieff symphony was, of course, quite another matter. It is spare, sophisticated, chary of any note not preordained to occupy a meaningful place in a chord, a thematic interjection or a counterphrase. This, to be sure, is a valuable discipline against the venial sin of overwriting. But it can, and does at certain moments of this work, produce the impression that the composer has pondered so long over his next move that, in the manner of a chess match, interest in the outcome is forfeit. One could go on to make a variety of other analogies in the same metaphoric frame, but the sum of them all would be that Haieff here is rather more occupied with method than communication. He has, for example, alluded to the slow movement as "Narcissus," because the latter portion is a total reflection of the beginning, note for note, backward and upside down. Doubtless I would hear more of this a second, third, or fourth time; but would it mean more? I doubt it. The finale also has its share of the schematic, but not, to my taste, enough of impulse, decisiveness, or resolution to establish a real involvement with the listener. There was every indication that the composer, who was present to acknowledge the applause for his work, was pleased with the performance.

A pianist direct from China who qualified for an engagement with the New York Philharmonic would be indeed exceptional; but Fou Ts'Ong, who is, indeed, Chinese, does not quite fit the description. For he has spent the years since 1955, when he was a prize winner in Warsaw, absorbing European influences, especially the traditional approaches to the F minor (No. 2) Concerto of Chopin with which he was introduced as a soloist with Paul Paray conducting. In several respects it was finely fluent, musical Chopin, touched with many evidences of artistic sensitivity and awareness of the composer's poetic purpose.

However, these were qualities that had to be perceived in spite of, rather than by means of, the sound Fou Ts'Ong produces. It had a certain amount of resonance in cantilena passages, especially in the slow movement, but it inclined to be metallic in runs and arpeggios, and incisive rather than ringing in chords. It all tended to become overburdened by Paray's preference for a very large body of players (for Chopin) in the orchestra, beginning with eight basses. In any case, more subtlety, contrast, and variety of sound is imperative if Fou Ts'Ong is to make the most of his otherwise admirable qualities.

For the orchestral elements of the evening, Paray had the players under firm control in the "Hebrides" ("Fingal's Cave") Overture of Mendelssohn, the Schumann C major Symphony, and, post-pianist, Ravel's "Bolero." His fine sense of phrasing, orchestral coloration and balance were especially evident in the Schumann, whose slow movement gave the Philharmonic's first clarinet (Stanley Drucker) and oboe (Harold Gomberg) opportunity for a perfectly matched interchange.

Along with its promised "Ring" cycle, this season of Metropolitan Opera may be remembered as much for a cycle of Puccini, whose works promise to exceed any previous sum for a single season. In the latest "Butterfly" Dorothy Kirsten demonstrated the vocal command (short of meeting the written requirements of the entrance), carefully elaborated characterization, and identity with the inner life of the one she is impersonating which place it first in her range of competence. It is, also, a far closer approach to credibility than her recent Minnie in "La Fanciulla," which, however well it was sung (and much of it was well sung) was so marcelled, glamorized, and carefully tailored as to suggest that her mountain shack was hard by a Forty-niner's version of Helena Rubinstein's.

But who is to make a case for credibility in the present state of matters Metropolitan when the Pinkerton to Kirsten's Cio-Cio-San is the eager, musicianly, but light-voiced George Shirley? Musicianship, a modest demeanor, and intelligent feeling for the vocal line of Puccini are factors in his favor, but he is, in tonal production, a size or two small for this auditorium. Such a moment as Pinkerton's angry order for the local priest to desist from disturbing the peace of "Casa mia" ("My home") lost force, hence meaning, for lack of it in the singer's voice, cleverly as Fausto Cleva endeavored to cover the lack with his conducting. Clifford Harvuot was an uncommonly convincing Sharpless, the new Andrea Velis a good Goro, and Margaret Roggero a cherishable Suzuki.

The Metropolitan added a tall, broad-shouldered man with a voice to match when Randolph Symonette attracted more than usual attention to the music of Telramund at a recent "Lohengrin". From a background of musical theatre ("Street Scene," "The Consul," etc.) Symonette has made his way through the German opera theatres to an authoritative command of Wagnerian requirements. He tends a little to the explosive enunciation of text, but this may alter in another part. Of particular note were his top tones: free and on pitch in the difficult E-F range. Also new was Ernst Wiemann, who was rather hard put for the depth or height of the vocal range for King Henry. Character roles would seem to be more in his line.

Latest of imported dance attractions is the "Mazowsze" Polish song and dance company currently at the City Center. Its sizable complement of females is not only talented but pretty, and its matching male personnel earn high marks for physical discipline and spirit. But, in terms of some past visitors, the choreographic arrangements are highly informal, lacking the creative discipline that makes artistry of the informal. Within its scope, the company performs well (including the compliment of a touchingly sung "Red River Valley") but that scope is decidedly restricted. As a detail: an amount of choreographic care equal to the needlework on the enchanting costumes would have added as much to the visual movement as to the decor.—IRVING KOLODIN.

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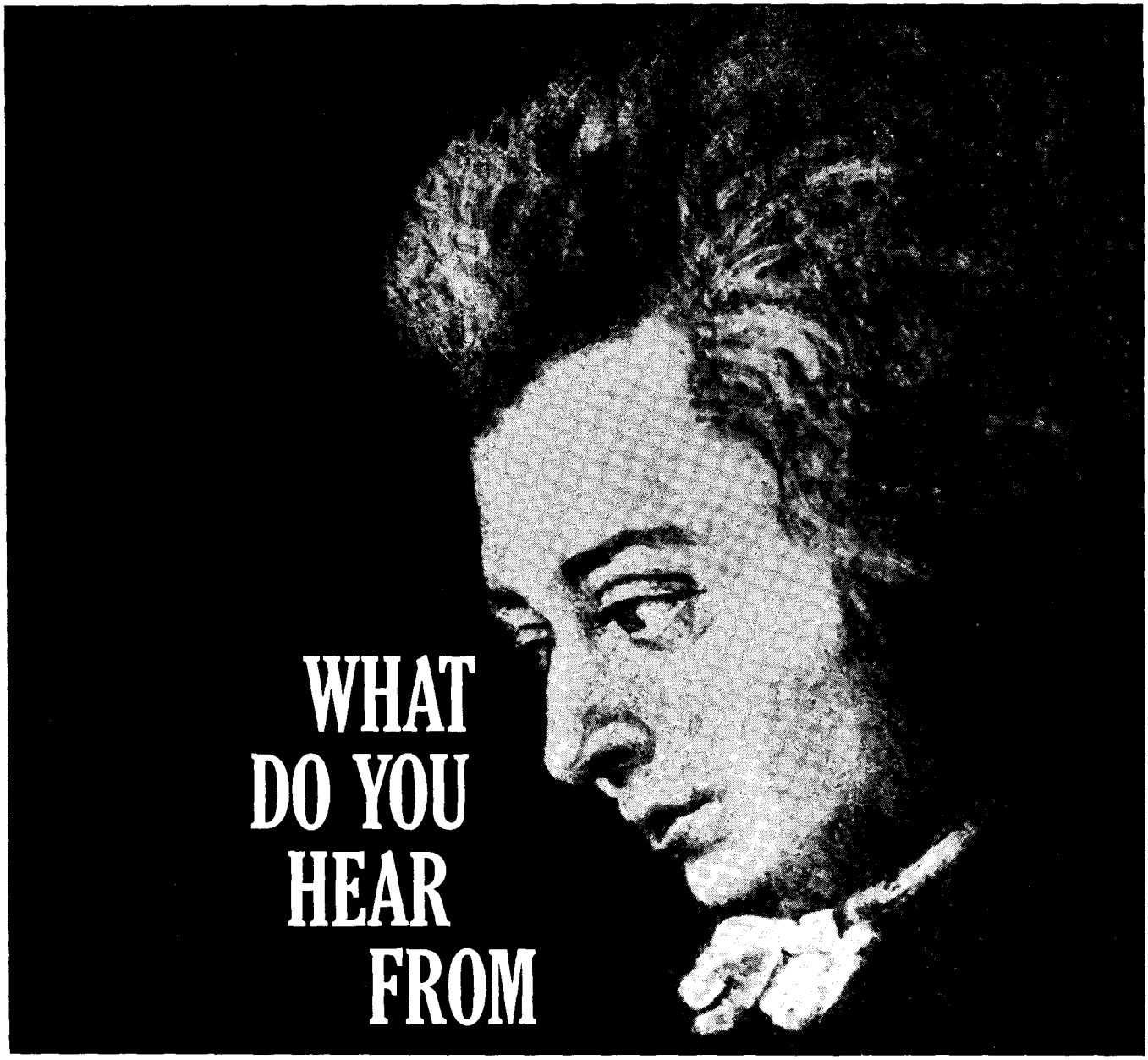

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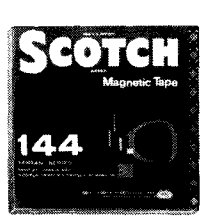

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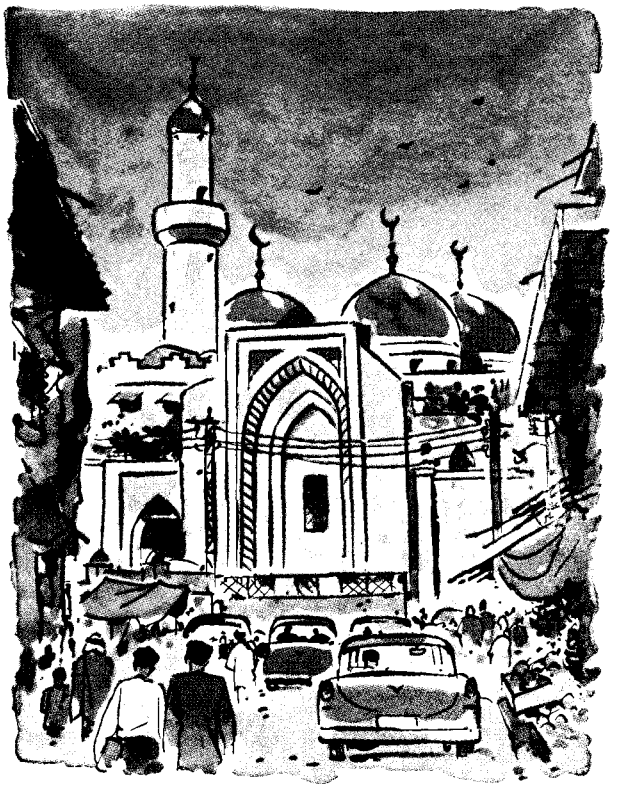

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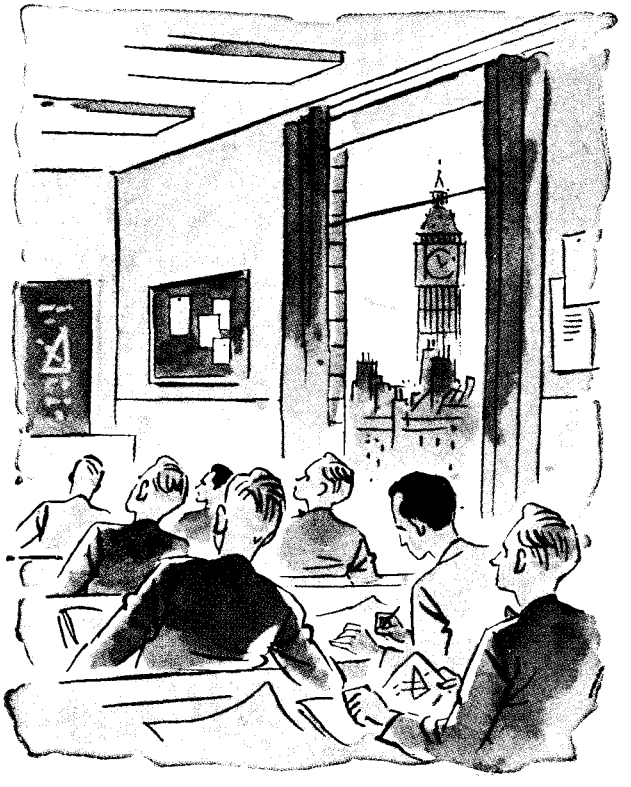

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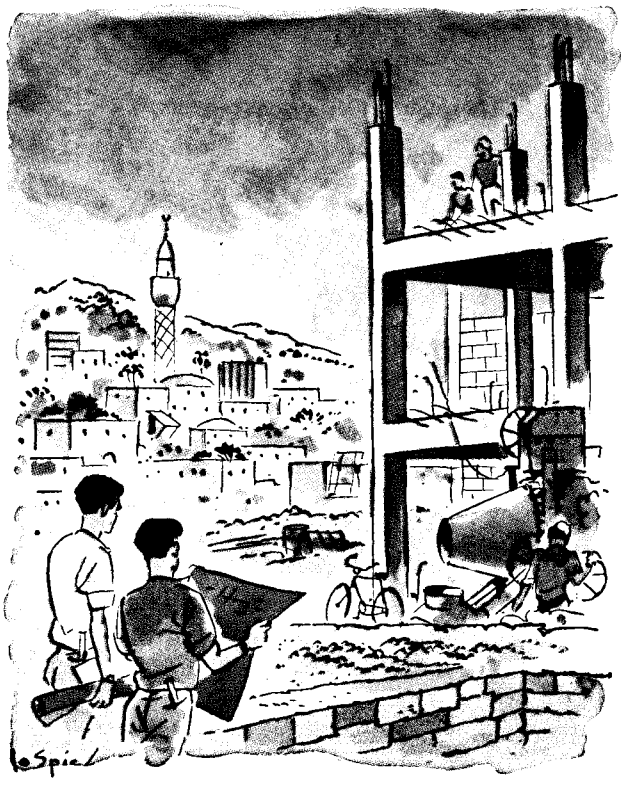

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Haunting Question

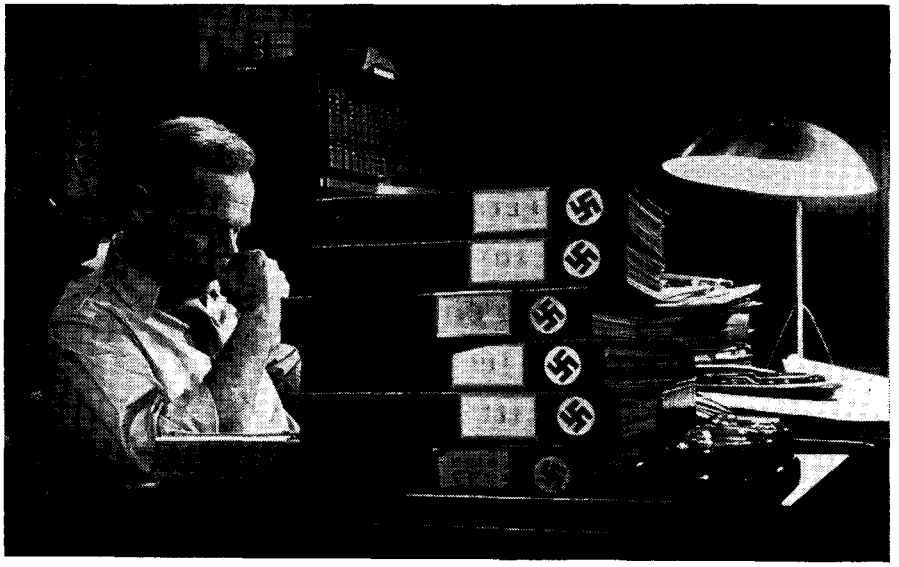
EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ordinarily, only one of SR's film critics reviews a given movie. But after seeing advance screenings of Stanley Kramer's "Judgment at Nuremberg," Hollis Alpert and Arthur Knight were so impressed with its significance that each asked for the opportunity to write about it. Their evaluations, written without consulting each other, appear on this and the following pages.*

ASIDE from one or two niggardly quibbles regarding **"Judgment at Nuremberg,"** it seems to me that Stanley Kramer has once again used film importantly and that he continues to emerge as the one truly responsible moviemaker in Hollywood. He has addressed himself to that most haunting of questions, the degree of involvement of all levels of German society in the awesome criminality of the Nazi regime. The success of his more than three-hour-long motion picture is twofold: he has put on the screen an entirely absorbing story, and he has provided thoughtful insights into the nature of Naziism and its hold on the German people.

He has also managed to marshal a Hollywood cast of eminence and capability; they include Spencer Tracy as an American judge of rugged honesty, sent from Maine to preside over one of the second series of War Crime trials at Nuremberg; Burt Lancaster as a once prominent German jurist, known before the Hitler days for his probity and learning; Richard Widmark as the American military prosecutor; Maximilian Schell as a flamboyant defender of the four judges in the dock; and Marlene Dietrich as a gracious, charming German widow, whose husband, a general, had been hanged after the first series of trials. In smaller, but highly effective roles are Montgomery Clift and Judy Garland, both seen as victims of the kind of justice purveyed by the men on trial.

Kramer has a reason, of course, for assembling casts of a potent box-office nature; they more or less insure that large audiences are attracted to his pictures and, in the present-day structure of the film industry, help promote the needed financing. On the other hand, major stars show a surprising willingness to participate in his ventures, a recognition of his forcefulness that has not yet been shared in by the feebler mentalities of Hollywood. (After "High Noon," "The Defiant Ones," and "On the Beach," there is still no Academy Award for him.) It would seem, by now, that there is no accident involved when unusual performances turn up in his pictures; it has happened this time, too. Tracy is splendid in conveying the very same kind of puzzlement that a good many of us have felt when attempting to equate the German individual with the monstrous German acts. And Marlene Dietrich, normally not one of my fancies, gets my admiration for her cool, controlled performance as a woman of culture and grace attempting to stress the "other" side of the Germans of that period.

But the others are fine, too. As a result, the courtroom comes alive. Burt Lancaster, made up to look old and grizzled, stolidly listens, no emotion on his face, while the prosecution and the defense battle, until finally, in one of the movie's best moments, he takes the stand, both to explain and confess, and to provide the most crushing indictment of all. While these events are going on, Spencer Tracy, as Judge Haywood, reflectively wanders through Nuremberg, listens in his mind to the roar of Nazi "heils" in the infamous stadium, chats with the lovely German widow, in-



Richard Widmark as prosecutor—Unusual performances are no accident.

Burt Lancaster as a German jurist—the most crushing indictment of all.

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quires of his timid housekeepers about what they knew of concentration camps. And eventually he learns to his dismay that "the heat is off," that a crisis looms over Berlin, that the former enemy must now become a partner against the new enemy, and that expediency will temper justice.

Here is not only a serious irony, but a serious charge being stated in a movie. There are several punches, but the biggest comes when the film tells us, in effect, that we became more concerned with security than with morality and justice. Our own reasoning becomes uncomfortably close to the justifications of an Ernst Janning. There was fear, he tells the tribunal, and there was the need for security. Once the fears were allayed, and the country "safe," legality and morality could return to normal. Mr. Kramer and Abby Mann, his screenwriter, have, not unintentionally probably, addressed themselves to matters of import today. There are insanities abroad again, such as nonsensical shelter programs, due to fear. Force becomes moral, extinction a risk to be run. And there is a final word for us on the screen at the end of "Judgment at Nuremberg": not one of ninety-nine defendants sentenced during the trials ending in 1949 is still in prison today.

To get to my quibbles. Solid as is Mr. Kramer's direction, well constructed as is Mr. Mann's screenplay (based on his television play), there is a lack of a sense of time passing, for this trial is said to have consumed eight months. Simplification of many of the trial's complexities may have been necessary, but more mood and pictorial fluidity would seem to have been possible. Beyond this, what a serious and fascinating film has to say always tolls out loud and, above all, clear.

—Hollis Alpert.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 958

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 958 will be found in the next issue.

QEMOGKMM AKG HBP
HPERC QREMB DP QK
MKKG OG S TOXK—
WKSZ—PRC YSZ VZPECRW
ASJK AKCOKXSR
VZPGPEGYKAKGDM PG
KYPGPAOYM.

BKGZW ZPQOGMPG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 957

You have not converted a man because you have silenced him.

—Lord Morley.

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The Producer-Director at Work

TO MY mind, Stanley Kramer's **"Judgment at Nuremberg"** is the most important American picture of the year. At a time when our contemporary screen is busily ducking contemporary issues (unless there is some sensational, built-in exploitation gimmick), Mr. Kramer throws a cold, revealing light upon international morality—the morals of nations. At a time when "think" pictures and "message" pictures are considered by the studios not only as dubious entertainment, but also—far worse—as dubious investments, Mr. Kramer has mounted a picture that is obviously expensive, loaded with message, and consistently absorbing. It is a film that stands for "justice, truth, and the value of a single human being." These words lie at the very heart of the film; they are no mere peripheral fillip for the liberal or the intellectual. And the measure of Kramer's achievement is the fact that they emerge from Spencer Tracy's lips at the end of the picture not as slippery and shopworn abstractions, but as hard, solid, immutable, and highly specific realities.

Unquestionably, this is its primary importance. It tackles a big theme, an immediate theme, and carries it through without compromise or blur. But I feel there is another importance here as well. It is a significant milestone in the career of Stanley Kramer. Of course, this is not the first time that he has undertaken either to produce or direct controversial—hence, economically risky—material. Indeed, his career is studded with such pictures—"Home of the Brave," "The Defiant One," "On the Beach." He has remained, for the most part, sharply contemporaneous, eschewing an easy popularity in order to handle such demanding subject matter as paraplegic veterans, refugees in Israel, prison reform, integration, and the atom bomb. True, this is how reputations are made today. One specializes—in the picture business, in medicine, in international affairs. The point is that Mr. Kramer has chosen to specialize in the most difficult, chancy, yet vital area that exists for films. It is no coincidence that, so far as America's film makers are concerned, he operates in this field virtually without serious challenge or competition.

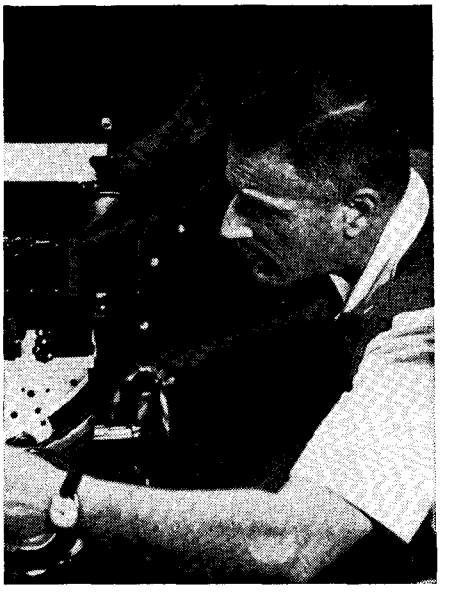
In the past, however, one could often admire the courage of a Kramer picture while finding fault with its execution. Kramer, originally a producer, once said that he had added directing to his chores "to protect his dream." In "On the Beach" and "Inherit the Wind," there was always the nagging suspicion that his dream might have been better served by more sensitive, less forthright direction. Perhaps "The Defiant One" escaped this castigation because it was essentially a straightforward melodrama, with little need for subtlety or finesse. But just as "The Defiant One" marked an advance over "Not as a Stranger" and "The Pride and the Passion" in his handling of melodrama, so "Judgment at Nuremberg" marks an advance over "On the Beach" and "Inherit the Wind" in his treatment of the argument film. Here, from first to last, the director is in command of his material, not being pushed by it.

The notable thing is that if Kramer were not both the producer and the director of this picture, much of its effectiveness might have been blunted. I saw him a number of times a full year ago, while "Nuremberg" was still in the planning stages. I saw how carefully he put his "dream" together. Abby Mann, who had written the original teleplay on which the film is based, expanded his script under Kramer's direct supervision and encouragement; it was shaped to both their thinking. Then came literally thousands of sketches, prepared by his able production designer, Rudolph Sternad—sketches that visualized the script not only in terms of settings and costumes, but also suggested the atmosphere and lighting, the character relationships within the frame, even the camera's point of view. It was all on paper months before a camera turned. The hope of every composer is to be called in on a film well in advance of the shooting and editing. Ernest Gold, fresh from his "Exodus" score, had this too-rare opportunity, working out his themes even as Kramer was working out his action.

The casting represents another triumph. It is no secret that most of today's big pictures are cast (for stars, at any rate) before they are even written, that studios prefer to buy films on the basis of star commitments rather than story. For Kramer, the story was everything. Not until he had script in hand did he use his prestige and persuasiveness to line up the high-powered luminaries who now head his cast—Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift. Clift, one hears, voluntarily reduced his asking price to play his seven-minute "bit" role of a young worker castrated by the Nazis. When Kramer approached Dietrich to play the chic, unregenerate widow of a Nazi general, she accepted immediately. It seems she had been wanting to do another dramatic role ever since "Witness for the Prosecution"—but no one in Hollywood had thought to ask her.

Putting together a strong cast is the producer's function. It remains for the director not only to press each performer to the very edge of his capabilities, but also—what is far more difficult in an all-star film—to orchestrate each performance into the texture of the film itself. And this Kramer has achieved with resounding success. As the mentally retarded, half-comprehending, apologetically smiling, constantly shrugging young man in the witness box, Clift realizes a level of human experience that lies beyond words. Judy Garland pours into her moments the same instinctive, sure intensity that characterizes her ballads. Dietrich has a silky, indestructible, feminine strength that is alluring, repellent, and fascinating. Burt Lancaster's projection of power in restraint, Tracy's rock-ribbed integrity, Maximilian Schell's intellectual fire (artfully offset by a shocking, ticlike smile)—all of them, principals and supporting players alike, are unified by the direction into one shattering, devastating, illuminating whole.

Stanely Kramer has fully realized the picture that was in his mind a year ago; and in so doing, he has not only added hugely to his own stature as a producer-director, but to the stature of the American film as well. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.



Stanley Kramer—a director in command of his material.

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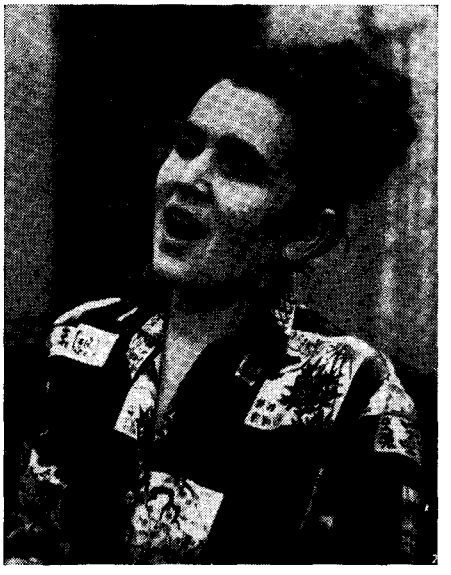
Verdi's Requiem from Rome and Moscow

By WINIFRED CECIL

THE CURRENT *Schwann Catalog* listing of five performances of the Verdi "Messa da requiem" for his idol Alessandro Manzoni would seem to be an adequate number of recordings of such a formidably difficult work, however popular it may be. But at the very moment when the famous Serafin-Gigli-Caniglia-Stignani-Pinza version is recirculated in the "Great Recordings of the Century" series (Angel COLH 108-9, $11.98) another appears from a source which, for many reasons, should give us pause. The challenge given by the newest from Moscow (Parliament 154/2, $3.96) to the oldest from Rome is engaging and even startling.

Outstanding among them is the vocalism of Galina Vishnevskaya, the Soviet soprano who recently made her Metropolitan Opera debut. In fact, in beauty of shading, it approaches the best of all recorded soprano performances. Her entrance in the "Domine Jesu" is as nearly sublime as anything I can imagine, and her accomplishment with the fading E flat into the closing passage must be the dream of every soprano. If memory serves, there has been nothing like this for total effect since the ineffable singing of Elisabeth Rethberg, whose Requiem, unhappily, never found its way to records.

The jacket of the Parliament recording discusses at length the problems faced by conductor Igor Markevitch on his return to his homeland after long absence to conduct the Requiem, and the vacuum of religious understanding which he had to fill in order even to begin. On the evidence of this performance alone, it seems impossible that Russians (perhaps I should confine my comments to the Russian singers encountered here) can be as godless as certain of our propagandists would have us believe. This recording quickly becomes a moving religious experience, so vital, in fact, that one seems to be participating in it. The more one listens, the more one is convinced that this is so only because the song, the prayer, the cry, rises from deep within the souls of these performers. The feeling as each word is uttered, the color, the awe, the sense of horror, of hope, of doom, is as alive as if everyone, however remote, were speaking for himself. All the personal experience is here, not



Vishnevskaya—"must be the dream of every soprano."

spoken by other voices but by one's own, up to the final hushed cry, "Libera me," as the chorus repeats the breathless prayer of soprano Vishnevskaya.

To this listener's ear, the women soloists are rather more effective than the men. I wish we could hear more of Nina Isakova, the mezzo-soprano. When I commented about the vocal vagaries of the bass, I was reminded that the USSR was the "home of basses," and the native land of Chaliapin the unique, Alexander Kipnis, and the deep, rich sound which has given us the concept of the "Russian bass." Just the same, I, as a Westerner, listen for what is most pleasing to my ear. In this performance Vishnevskaya meets almost any demands I can think of, but I prefer Pinza's sound to that of Ivan Petrov; and, since in this exploration of the merits of Requiems I listened far and wide, I may say that I am more convinced by Cesare Siepi (in both the Toscanini and de Sabata recordings) than I am by the Russian under present consideration. This doesn't mean that Petrov is unsuccessful; it means that, to me, the Italian basses convey the emotion and music more persuasively than the Russian. But, personal likes and passing disappointments aside, the Russian performance is exciting throughout. It's like a fresh adventure in an old country, like walking along a path which one expected to be familiar and finding new landmarks never noticed before.

We hear different instrumental inflections because different instruments seem to have prominence. We hear strong woodwinds where they are muted in other recordings. As a result, we have a quite different image of orchestral color. In the Russian performance, the timpani, for instance, are always more definite than we are accustomed to hear them, so that this new Requiem gives us the sense of inevitable and overwhelming progress toward whatever resolution fate has in store, a dark and dramatic, peculiarly Russian doom, if you will. In the beautiful, precise attacks by both soloists and chorus, the "Agnus Dei," with its truly thrilling ascending and descending violin scale passages, is a lesson in dynamics. And, as climax, the "Libera me" will be a totally new experience to most listeners. To those who may complain that this is the melodramatic Verdi, and therefore profane, I ask only, "How calm will you be if and when you have the opportunity—perhaps only momentary—to plead for your salvation?"

We are accustomed to regarding Toscanini as Verdi's truest prophet—and I admit that I am a devout follower. But the Requiem conducted by Tullio Serafin in his prime is no slight contender for the ultimate crown. The chorus is superb; the orchestra responds unfailingly. The very names of the vocal participants give them a golden glow. Its quartet is a matchless roster of the greatest Italian opera stars of a quarter of a century ago, who justly rank among the most eminent singers of their time. Like most people who heard him, I cannot imagine a voice more eloquent than Pinza's. Surely his tonal beauty and phrasing in the "Confutatis" will never be surpassed. For all the vocal mannerisms, which, I'm sure, still bother purists, the Gigli quality and perfection of line are breath-taking. It's hard to believe that such beauty could ever have been taken as a matter of course. I never heard Stignani sound better (remember, this is a reissue of a recording made nearly a generation ago); and, although I found myself shaking my head over pitch lapses of a singer as extraordinarily gifted as Maria Caniglia, I had to admit that the lapses struck me as no more than occasional slips because the Caniglia performance as a whole is so thrilling. What clarity, beauty, and volume of

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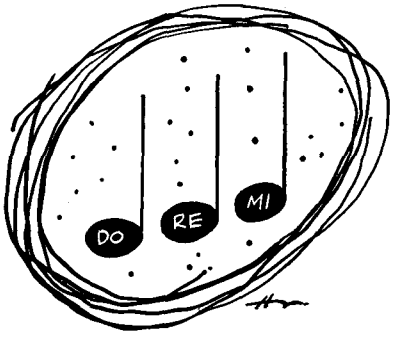
sound from a human throat! Had the performance had the advantage of today's techniques of recording, cutting, splicing, and insertion, Maria Caniglia's singing would have been ideal. All imperfections would have been eliminated and we would have had in fact, what is nearly so, a definitive and physically flawless Requiem.

The fault, however, lies in the failure of the quartet to become a unit. In spite of Serafin's command, it sounds throughout like an uncoordinated collection of Italian opera stars. Herein is its Achilles' heel, for the Russians have overcome the prima donna complex and, despite their alleged godlessness, have created a profoundly religious work with a depth and perception excelled nowhere on records. No matter what one's state of mind when one begins to listen to this performance, no matter what the degree of one's skepticism (How can the blatantly irreligious penetrate to the heart of a deeply emotional, Catholic ritual?) one soon attends here with genuine awe. We shall probably never know whether or not much splicing was necessary. The evidence of corrections was probably lost forever in the control room of the Moscow recording studio. Let us be contented, therefore, with the result. It is an achievement to stand comparison with the best.

As to the ultimate question of which version of the Requiem to buy: in my opinion, the Toscanini performance, which is not under detailed consideration here, combines more of *all* the qualities—emotional, musical, spiritual, and intellectual—than any other. At the same time, if you want a classical performance where beauty in itself and careful observance of the composer's prescription come first, then you cannot go wrong with the Angel reissue of what amounts to an all-star performance. If, however, you are inclined to look beyond the horizon and will tolerate a somewhat unconventional Verdi, colored, as I have intimated all along, with fresh perspective, bold, eager and strong, then the new Russian recording is your buy. As a matter of fact, I'm almost inclined to say that this version has a unique quality. It looks fearlessly ahead.



The Newer Music

***"Twentieth-Century Harmony: Creative Aspects and Practice," by Vincent Persichetti** (Norton, 287 pp. $5.45), is a book of theory that outlines and codifies recent harmonic practices.*

By Michael Steinberg

I CAN best convey the flavor of Mr. Persichetti's fine book with a couple of his own sentences. Thus, the very first of the foreword: "The music of the first half of the twentieth century has produced a harmonic practice that can be defined." And from the beginning of the first chapter proper, entitled "Intervals": "Any tone can succeed any other tone, any tone can sound simultaneously with any other tone or tones, and any group of tones can be followed by any other group of tones, just as any degree of tension or nuance can occur in any medium under any kind of stress or duration." The subject of his book is a frighteningly ramified affair, but obviously Persichetti attacks with confidence the awesome task of taming it, of bringing it into the bounds of not very many words (much of the available space is given over to illustration in music type).

"Twentieth-Century Harmony" is not a book of speculation. Even though it is what we call a theory book, its aim is the codification of recent harmonic practices under the most orderly conditions possible. It will surely perform useful services by extending into the realm of contemporary composition the sort of summary of practice that has long existed for the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and that is so familiar from many harmony books, from excellent to catastrophic. The lack of a readily usable classroom text for the newer music has, I suspect, been part reason, part excuse, for the tendency in many university music departments or music schools to pretend that music has not changed much since 1908, or at least to regard the changes as unteachable.

The book will need to be used with care. It presupposes students who are mature and imaginative, and, I would further assume, a teacher as good (one gathers) as Persichetti himself. As it stands, the book could easily lead to a belief in formula and to the propagation of jargon. There are chapters, for example, on "Chords by Fourths," "Added-note Chords," and "Polychords." The list of illustrations for "Chords by Fourths" points up the problem: we are led to Hindemith's "Nobilissima Visione" and to Webern's Variations for Piano, to Schoenberg's Kammersymphonie and to Honegger's "King David." Obviously, the fourths themselves have no inherent properties that will under any given circumstances produce a uniform harmonic and expressive result. The danger exists, then, that the book can become a means of teaching modern harmony as a parcel of handy tricks. It is my opinion that some students and many teachers will like it for the wrong reasons.

Yet in his intelligent handling of the problem of musical examples, Persichetti shows his awareness of the danger involved. It is customary to lard a harmony book with little snippets ripped from a Bach chorale, a Chopin mazurka, a Brahms intermezzo, or what have you. This is always dangerous, for the effect of a chord or a phrase chloroformed and impaled under the theory teacher's magnifying glass is not its true effect; that is to be found only in the context of the whole work. Persichetti has dealt with this difficulty by composing his own examples in order to illustrate details. And then, so that the student may find out how the device or technique under discussion actually functions in "real music," he concludes each chapter with a copious list of relevant works from the contemporary literature. The lists themselves are a joy to look through for their range and their lack of dogmatism: "Porgy and Bess" appears on the same list as Stravinsky's "Threni"! The student is led to music as recent as Elliott Carter's Second String Quartet. I would say they are apposite and excellently chosen.

A WORD should certainly be said about the challenging, even inviting, exercises which Persichetti sets. The word is best said by the exercises themselves, for example: "Write a soft, lyric passage, consisting mostly of dissonant intervals. Score for two muted violins." "Construct twelve-note chords for full band that punctuate a rapid solo timpani passage." "Write a gradual diminuendo for piano, four hands, in which the harmonic tension gradually increases."

All in all, "Twentieth-Century Harmony" is the distinguished achievement of a lively mind. In his prose and his teaching, as in his music, Mr. Persichetti's lucidity is admirable. And only occasionally is the teaching so virtuosic that a few things are made to seem just a little simpler than they really are. The book is a great credit to Norton's imposing music catalogue, and would be even more so were it not for an incredibly sloppy index.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Noel, Noel

THIS department's Christmas suggestions reflect a wide variety of styles in jazz. Their chief similarity is that I have enjoyed them all.

Modern jazz mastery of the small band sort is afforded in "Miles Davis in Person," an album of two LPs in which the superb trumpeter is heard in performances at San Francisco's Blackhawk. Davis is a poignant musician, whether his mood is forlorn, or pastoral, or steaming with spirit. The reason for his pre-eminence in modern jazz has nothing to do with virtuosity; he has the lovely shaping of line and sensitivity of accent that we call poetic. In this well-mixed program he revisits some of his specialties, such as "Walkin'" and "So What," at much faster tempi than in previous records, and he offers a particularly treasurable version of "Bye Bye Blackbird." His partners, in complete sympathy, are an outstanding group who make it perfectly clear that they consider it a privilege to work with him: Hank Mobley, tenor sax; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Jimmy Cobb, drums (Columbia C2L 20).

Modern jazz trios consisting of piano and rhythm have been legion, and many of them of excellent quality. This column has for some time given special allegiance to the fastidious blending of Bill Evans, piano; Scott LaFaro, bass; and Paul Motian, drums. Their newest LP, "Sunday at the Village Vanguard," will unhappily be their last, for LaFaro died in an automobile accident last summer. The record is in itself a gracious memorial, a number of syncopated reveries in which the prismatic invention of Evans meets the most delicate response from his colleagues (Riverside 376).

A good many modern jazz players have recently been proccupied with various modal approaches to improvising, prompted in some cases by a fascination with Near Eastern or North African or Flamencan musical forms. Such influences are richly apparent in the LP "Olé" featuring the brilliant soprano and tenor saxophonist John Coltrane. He makes a music full of opulent phrasing, vigor, spasmic outbursts, and insistent, hypnotic appeal. He is ably assisted by George Lane, flute or alto sax; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman and Art Davis, basses; and Elvin Jones, drums (Atlantic 1373).

A robust, free-and-easy quartet recital is heard in "For Real!" by Hampton Hawes, piano; Harold Land, tenor sax; Scott LaFaro, bass; and Frank Butler, drums. This is music which combines a fine, earthy, barrelhouse feeling with very fluent invention, and I am particularly taken by the constant and subtle counter-rhythms, or "shimmer," among all hands. This kind of light, swinging suspension is rare even among the best jazz artists. (Contemporary M3589).

The jazz guitar, so far as I am aware, has no finer modern exponent than Wes Montgomery. He is conspicuous for sinuous and lengthy invention, for rhythmic freedom and assurance, and for a warmth of inflection that pervades even his more rapid passages. His new LP "SO Much Guitar!" finds him ranging from jazz scherzi to a serene, unaccompanied version of Alec Wilder's aromatic ballad "While We're Young" (Riverside RLP 382).

The New Orleans veterans of the series called "The Living Legends" continue to supply new recordings of traditional jazz music which are of prime appeal to lovers of vintage bandsmanship. The trombonist Jim Robinson's New Orleans Band now offers a number of spirituals (such as "Sweet Bye and Bye") and blues (such as "Tin Roof") in a spirit full of heart and memory, with a polyphonic sense which I find irresistible. It is impossible to turn back the clock of the arts, but these men are figuratively, as well as literally, playing in their own time, and I suspect that the New Orleans style, genuinely exemplified as it is here, will prove to have as much staying power as any music in jazz history (Riverside RLP 393).

I would say the same thing of classic blues singing. One of the finest classicists is Champion Jack Dupree, who has a singularly rich and moving voice and plays a powerful barrelhouse-boogie-woogie piano. His LP "Champion of the Blues" was recorded during a visit to Copenhagen, and on it, among a variety of blues, he sings his appreciation of the feeling expressed toward a Negro blues singer in the capital of Denmark. It is fitting music with which to end a Christmas list (Atlantic 8056).

—WILDER HOBSON.

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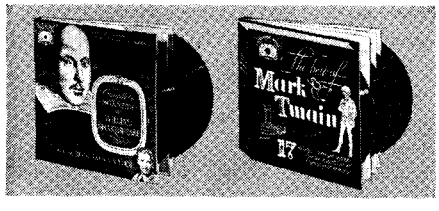

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Foss and His Improvisers

"Studies in Improvisation": *Lukas Foss and the Improvisation Chamber Ensemble.* RCA Victor LSC 2558, $5.98.

Foss and his gifted collaborators—Richard Dufallo, clarinet; Charles Delancey, percussion; Howard Colf, cello; and, assisting these, David Duke, French horn—have been working together for some time. Their basic intent is to produce music that might be in a sense a classical counterpart to jazz improvisations or to various Oriental improvisational practices. The Improvisation Ensemble, the name by which the group is known, has worked out a set of complicated and by now highly developed plans and charts that determine the basic procedure for the players to follow. Their improvisations are quite specifically controlled and, although they may differ with each performance, the effect as one hears it on this recording hardly strikes one as something conceived for the first time. The most impressive aspect is perhaps the vitality and absorption of each player. It would be refreshing indeed if other performing groups, playing works in the standard repertory, could approach their art with such identification.

Seven improvisations are recorded here: a Fantasy and Fugue; "Music for Clarinet, Percussion and Piano"; Variations on a Theme in Unison; a Quintet (Moirai); and "Three Encores"—"Bagatelle," "Air Antique," and "Circus Piece." The first work, the Fantasy and Fugue, is a rather pretentious eleven minutes worth of bewildered obeisance to the shade of J.S.B. "Music for Clarinet, Percussion and Piano" is in two sections. The first, a post-Webernian sequence of sound flecks, is accurately described by Foss as "not yet music." Nor for that matter is the second, called "Sound in Motion." Least pretentious are the "Three Encores," and they make the most joyful of noises.

While it is always intriguing to observe improvisational groups at work, the final musical result as far as composition is concerned is not always of the best. The improvisations here, while both varied and inventive, begin to wear quite thin with repeated hearing, but, after all, repeated hearing was never the intention of any improvisational group. The importance here lies in the fact that Foss is reactivating one of the most fascinating and needed aspects of music, and it is of relatively small importance that improvisation may perhaps always be more fun to do than merely to hear. RCA must be congratulated for adding something new to its otherwise rather static catalogue of contemporary music.

—Oliver Daniel.

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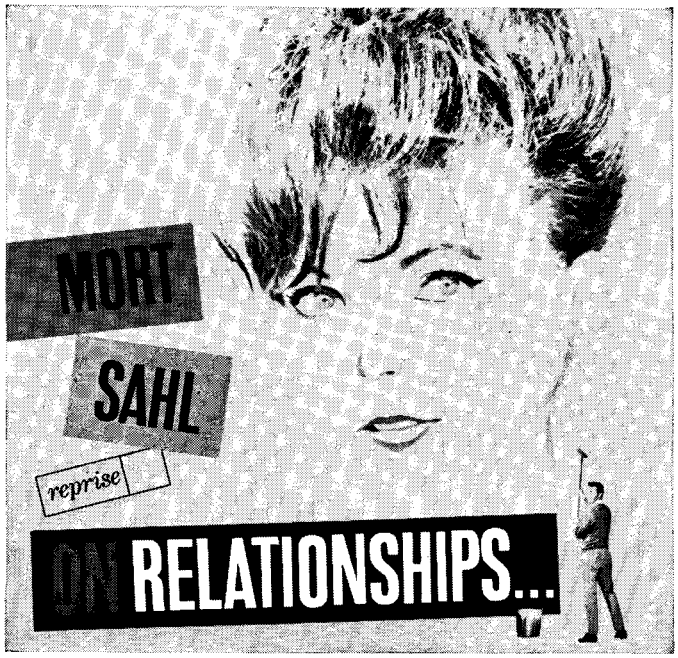

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Five by Fleisher

LEON FLEISHER, who is well remembered from his previous promising LPs, has recently recorded the five Beethoven Concertos with George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra (Epic LC 3788-91, $4.98 each, BC 1136-9, $5.98 each). It is his prerogative to risk the challenge of all five instead of attempting the one that he can present most effectively.

Each of these works has been performed by leading interpreters, many on LPs. For example, the First Concerto exists in superior versions by both Solomon and Gieseking, the Second by Kapell and Gould, the Third by Gilels, the Fourth by Schnabel and Gieseking, the Fifth by Gieseking again, to cite only a few. All of them were convincingly presented not long ago by Rubinstein, and there are reliable discs by Backhaus, Kempff, etc. In fact, such an abundance of Beethoven's concertos has already caused confusion. The Fourth alone has been recorded by at least thirty pianists, and I have examined twenty versions. They included two readings of uncanny similarity, listed under two separate names. It goes without saying that among so many Beethoven readings there is no room for anything but fresh, original, and arresting performances, to which Fleisher's readings offer only a partial answer.

Speaking generally, he appears as an expressive and dynamic artist who favors lively tempos and is not afraid of rich pedaling. Whether directed by stylistic orientation or by artistic limitation, Fleisher does not enrich his interpretive idiom by the quality of grace. In this respect his pianism completely digresses from Hofmann's, coming closer to the expressionism of Petri, Schnabel, or even Serkin, although these three virtuosos differ materially in other aspects. Of the younger generation, Fleisher leans more toward Graffman than toward Ashkenazy.

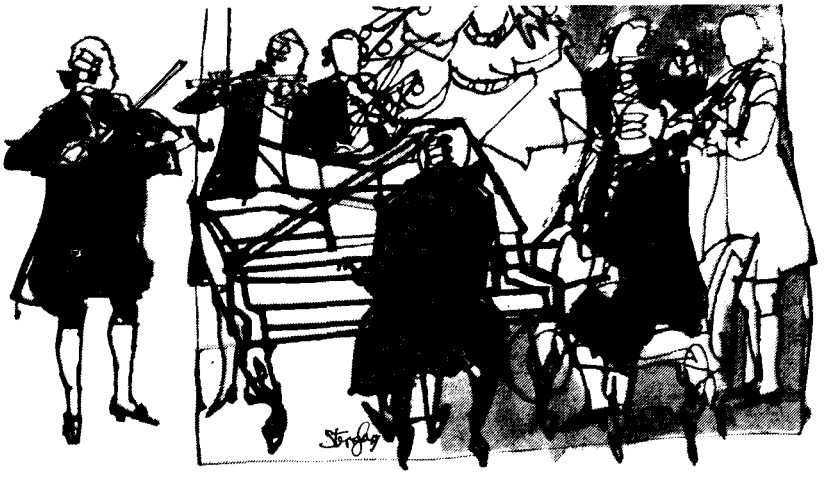
Fleisher's more favorable readings include the first movement of the Third Concerto, meditative in certain melodic episodes and crowned by a massive, explosive cadenza. He finds the time to contemplate Beethoven's slow movements, with appealing cantabiles in the First Concerto, also in the Second, where his cantilena is well "sung," if a bit heavier. His rubato is discreetly measured in the second movement of the "Emperor," in which he also provides a solid first movement.

Less fortunate is the fuzzy opening of the Fourth Concerto, and other similar sections, which indicate that Fleisher feels more secure in dramatic fortissimos than in anything below mezzo-forte. His softer passages at times suffer from inadequate tonal balance. But even certain fortissimos are too brutal; the theme of the "Emperor's" last movement is unpleasantly chopped, and its trill defective. If it is true that this music needs an interpreter's help, Fleisher did not come to the rescue.

The most serious rhythmic distortions appear, however, in the third movement of the First Concerto when the soloist confuses the rhythm of the two important sixteenth-notes in the opening theme, sliding them into each other like appoggiaturas, the indication "scherzando" being no excuse. Also, the theme of the "Emperor's" last movement is rhythmically distorted in a similar manner.

Perhaps these Beethoven discs will not change Fleisher's established status as an excellent modern virtuoso, but the recorded documentation stands to testify to a pianist's *total* achievement, and therefore a reasonable artist should make every effort not to release anything below his qualitative maximum.

—JAN HOLCMAN.



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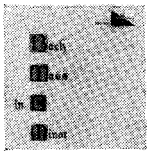
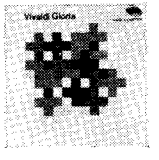

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In Provence with Baedeker and Bismuth

IN MY last dispatch, which was posted here two weeks ago, I had gotten you as far as the doorway to Provence, a signal advancement on an odyssey which is taking us by overland trail from Paris to the Riviera, along the great gastronomic route of France. For those of you who have been following our account mile by caloric mile, the tension by now must be unbearable, for it is a tossup which will give way first, our bankroll or our liver.

Leaving Pont St. Esprit, an ancient settlement that has taken new heart since the American Presidential elections —the family Bouvier has its roots here— Provence began to erupt in earnest. From the docility of the Rhone riverbanks the terrain changed abruptly. Now there were violent outcroppings of rocks, of buttes, the spires of the cypresses rising among them and the bent trunks of olive trees with their coiffures glinting silver in the sun. Van Gogh's farmlands stretched everywhere and ahead of us that day lay Avignon and its Palace of the Popes, which would float perhaps like the mystical city which Signac made of it with his pastel brush-tip mosaic. The road signs became wine labels, directing us off to Chateauneuf-du-Pape and to Tavel, the fountainhead of that rich *rosé*. And through it all seethed the air of Rome, which thought of this territory as its "province" and so left it a name. On the far bank of the river lay Orange with an arch older than anything in Rome and ahead lay Arles, whose arena was built 100 years before Rome's own Colosseum.

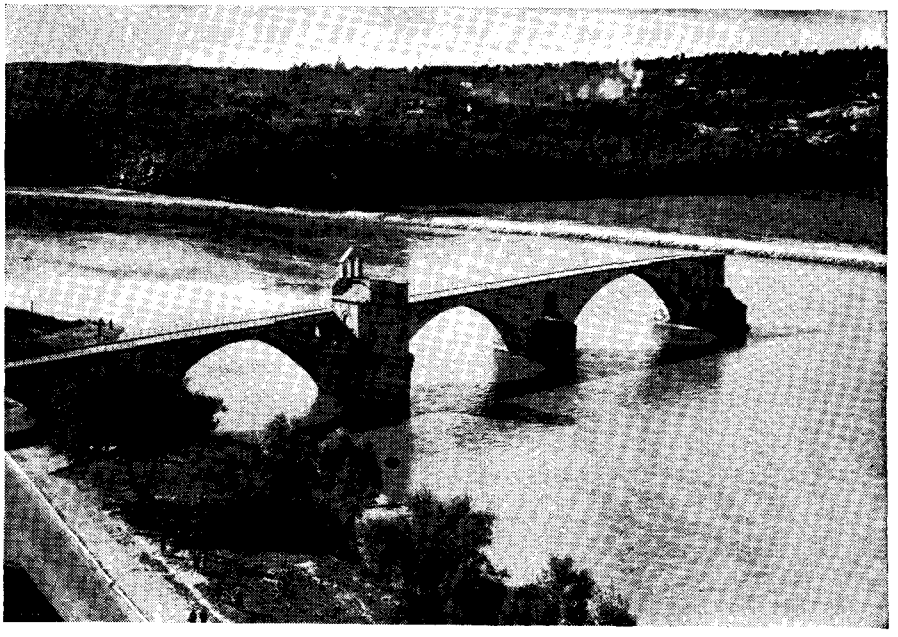
We breached the gates of the walled city of Avignon at high noon of an autumn Saturday, and found it a ball of traffic that was trying desperately to unravel itself with as little loss of the weekend as possible. Picking our way over the moats, around the motorcyclists, stopping for traffic lights placed incongruously before the massive fourteenth-century walls, we found ourselves at last at the door of Lucullus, a second-floor restaurant that wears two stars from Michelin and the high praise of travelers. Lamb grilled on a wood fire, the house speciality, was a cool breeze to us so long becalmed in a sea of sauces. The *terrine aux herbes* with sprigs of sage in the *pâté* was a departure too, but the clams with spinach served in the shell sent our thoughts spinning back to New Orleans, a city that had taught us to enjoy an oyster when similarly disguised.

We emerged only partially hypnotized, and as usual, when the sane world is making tracks to the sack for a few moments of sweet siesta, we were being driven off like waddling sows in search of whatever culture one can inhale from old stone on a full stomach and a surfeit of wine. We paused for a rapid tour through the enormous shell that remains of the palace in Avignon used by the Popes for 100 years during the Middle Ages. Stripped of its artifacts and defaced by revolutionaries and by soldiers who used it as a barracks until 1906, it remains for me, as it did when I first viewed it in 1947, a hulking, graceless, and rather unromantic relic, and I would prefer to think of it the way it appears in Signac's painting, as part of a wondrous fairyland city adrift on some airy heights with the Rhone and the arches of the Pont d'Avignon below it.

THERE is so much to see in Provence that after mounting the Promenade du Rocher des Doms behind the palace, and looking down to the splendid view of the Rhone and the celebrated Pont d'Avignon, which has become as much of a byword in the world's nurseries as Spock and Frère Jacques, we were off at a dog trot in search of new excitements. The first of them was Les Baux, a strange relic built in the craggy badlands between Avignon and Arles. From a distance one can see the ruins of the fortress called The Keep which the Counts of Provence had built atop the sheer stone outcroppings that command the plain. Les Baux was in its glory during feudal times, but it declined in a series of intrigues and skirmishes between the nobles, kings, and religious partisans, the details of which seem about as consequential now as Berlin may be to dilettante historian-travelers in 2361, if any should then exist. When the last Baron of Les Baux revolted against Louis XIII, the castle was razed by Cardinal Richelieu, as if that move would at last bring peace.

Nowadays the enmities have shifted, and so have the scenes of them, and this bygone battlefield, once so important, is hardly much more than a ghost town to be picked over by tourists. Belfries stand without churches, and fragments of gray façades stand in ruin alongside the gray rocks. A few arty shops that sell pottery and homespun cloth and skirts beloved by the international bohemia, have installed themselves in some of the restored houses. Small plaster figures sold all year at Les Baux are remindful of the Shepherd's Offering at the Christmas Mass, a ceremony which began here in the fifteenth century. Fife and tambourines provide an odd accompaniment to the songs sung in the Provençal language while the procession of shepherds, led by a lamb's cart, winds up the narrow roadway to St. Vincent's Church.

Kids in china-blue smocks shout and frolic in the alleyways and hang over the ramparts where the view sweeps off down the valley to the orchards of fruit trees. Tourist buses blow their moaning summons that will shake the tardy out of the tourist shops. Down in



Sur le Pont d' Avignon "as much of a byword in the nursery as Spock and Frère Jacques."

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SATURDAY REVIEW
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the valley the elegant have descended at the Oustau de Baumanière, which since I first visited it fourteen years ago, a year after it had opened, has emerged as one of the best country inns in Europe. Tables are set, during the warm seasons, on the pebbled terraces under the drooping willow trees. Flowers hang from pots over the old stone wells, and beds of them are banked around the square swimming pool which is filled from the mouth of a spewing stone lion. The interior is a low-ceilinged taverna spotted with the dark furniture of Provence, and the handful of rooms upstairs are a delight of local design. Success, including the three Michelin stars held for many years, has inspired the owner to build a new place nearby, to open with the spring.

The sun was already casting deep shadows around the gardens of the Baumanière, and with less than an hour of daylight remaining we rolled off for a look at Arles, a city which had been founded by Caesar and which celebrated its 2,000th anniversary seven years ago. We found it in the near dusk, but there was enough light for the *boule* rollers who were still at play in the packed turf alongside the famed arena. Cats played, too, among the ancient stones which still provide an enclosure for corridas held here in summer. And plays are staged, too, in the Roman theatre a few minutes' walk through the narrow streets of the old town. "Baedeker's Touring Guide to France," which I field-tested, insists that plays *and* bullfights are given in the Roman theatre, and that one can find the house once occupied by van Gogh on the Place Lamartine. This will be a surprise to Arlesiens who see their bullfights in the Roman arena and insist that van Gogh's house was bombed to rubble during the last war. Once, long ago, Arles was an important city, standing as it does at the mouth of the Rhone, the waterway to the Mediterranean. On its docks lay the goods of Africa and the East. Marseilles had been wrecked by Caesar, and Arles rose until Constantine made it the capital of all Gaul, its arena and its theatre filled with society. "The little Rome of all Gaul," the Latin poet Ausonius called it. And then in the decline the barbarians laid it waste, and as it foundered Marseilles rose again. Now the ships dock at Marseilles, which brims with the goods of Africa and the East, while Arles teems with ruins and tourists from the West.

We rode in the dark through the back country roads from Arles to the village of Noves, passing through the storied lands around St. Rémy where Michel Nostradamus, the astrologer whose predictions are still being counted, was born in 1503. We passed the priory where van Gogh was confined in

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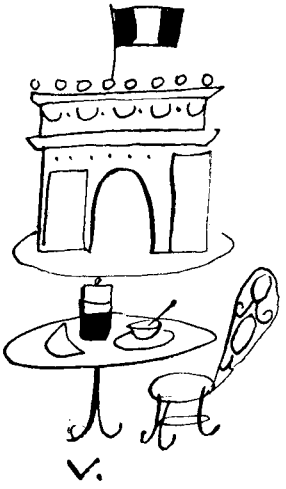
1889 and 1890 and where he worked, and rode past Maillane, where Frédéric Mistral, the Provençal poet, was born and buried. Mistral left a shelf of works on Provence including a dictionary of the Provençal language which he had helped keep aflame. ("O ye that sat enthroned on high upon the golden rocks, The very thyme has kept the fragrance of your footsteps," he once wrote of Les Baux.) And van Gogh had made the scenes indelible. "The countryside seems to me to be as lovely as Japan for limpid atmosphere and the effects of gay colors," he once wrote. "The water makes patches of lovely emerald and rich blue on the landscape, just as we see it on their silks. Pale orange-tinted sunsets that make the ground look blue. Splendid yellow suns."

The yellow sun was long since done when we finally picked our way through little Noves to the highly recommended La Petite Auberge, which like Oustau de Baumanière, is one of the ten restaurants of France awarded Michelin's three stars, the *cuisinier's* Congressional Medal of Honor. A member of the Relais de Campagne, that association of back-country inns of France on which we recently discoursed (*SR*, Nov. 18), the Auberge eschews the country air of Provence for a rather pedestrian modern décor. The outdoor terrace with its white tables under the trees, and the views sweeping across the countryside, is, I suspect, a summer pleasure. It was a reasonably good dinner that came, unreasonably enough when it was all counted, to about $10 a person. At that it included cocktails, individuals soufflés and a bottle of Louis Roederer '52. It being the last night on the road, we made a captain's dinner of it and went to bed in a sea of Champagne's expensive bubbles inhaling the heady autumn air of the van Gogh country that stretched in an enormous expanse outside our second-floor window.

—Horace Sutton.

(Third in a series.)



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Continued from page 24

television as an excessively corrosive influence.

There are good chapters recreating the days when Hughes and the rest of the Leopoldville press corps shuttled back and forth between the homes of President Kasavubu and Premier Lumumba, each of whom had deposed the other. There is also a picture of Liberia even more depressing than the one presented by Hempstone. But Hughes reserves his deepest thunder for South Africa, where he now lives. As the Verwoerd government digs in "with an air of Hitlerian, last ditch ecstasy," Hughes continues to wonder how long it can last. Some say twenty-five years, others say five; he himself declares that he would not be surprised "if the news tickers start chattering the story of upheaval tomorrow."

Both of these books hammer home the point that for Africa modern history is just beginning. In the corridors of the United Nations and in embassies around the world there are handsome young African diplomats who wear tribal scars upon their cheeks and old school ties around their necks. The parents of both President Nkrumah of Ghana and Chief Minister Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika were illiterate; consequently neither of these statesmen knows exactly when he was born or how old he is.

BOTH Hempstone and Hughes want the United States to make Africa a priority item of diplomatic business. Hughes tells the story of a perplexed Sir Edgar Whitehead returning from a diplomatic mission in the United States to Southern Rhodesia, where he is now Prime Minister. Sir Edgar had just had a talk with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who made it plain that he hadn't the slightest notion where Southern Rhodesia was.

Before smiling too broadly at the busy Mr. Dulles, we should each ask ourselves if we know exactly where Gambia is, or Gabon, or Swaziland, or the Central African Federation. If the answer is no, these books will help.

The Pirate and His Target

By Charles E. Nowell, *professor of history at the University of Illinois and author of "History of Portugal."*

CAPTAIN HENRIQUE GALVAO is the man who on January 22, 1961, hijacked the Portuguese luxury liner *Santa Maria* as it cruised from Curacao to Miami, and for days led several navies and world news agencies an exciting chase. In **"Santa Maria: My Crusade for Portugal"** (translated by William Longfellow, World, $4.50) Galvao tells the story of his adventure: why and how it was planned, the details of its execution, and the events aboard until the ship finally docked at Recife, Brazil, on February 2. If ever an exploit was carried out on a shoestring, it was this one, for the captain had only twenty-four men to capture a ship manned by 350 officers and seamen and carrying more than 700 passengers even after many had disembarked at La Guaira and Curacao. Instead of the sub-machine guns and the ton of explosives reported at the time, Galvao's men bore only antiquated hand arms and had barely been able to scrape up money to buy the third-cabin tickets permitting them to be on board.

The reason for bringing off their interesting exploit and for telling the story is to gain world attention for Galvao's real theme, which is a devastating attack on António de Oliveira Salazar, dictator of Portugal and its considerable colonial empire. Though largely unknown in foreign parts until now, Galvao has been important in his homeland for a generation. Not far from his sixty-seventh birthday, he has been a soldier, a colonial administrator in Angola, an author, and long an opponent of the dictator. He rues the day when, as a soldier, he took part in the army revolt of 1926 headed by generals Carmona and

Costa, who deposed President Machado and opened the way for the present regime. Salazar, an economics professor at Coimbra University, and a second-rate one according to Galvao, took what the army men evidently expected would be only financial control, but it rapidly developed into something approaching Mussolini's domination in Italy and Franco's later one in Spain. Elections became farcical and Portuguese freedom a dimming memory.

The fraudulent defeat of liberal General Humberto Delgado by Salazar's puppet candidate in the presidential election of 1958 made Galvao, already imprisoned and in bad health, resolve to strike for Portuguese freedom. After a near-miraculous escape from a Lisbon prison hospital and a brief asylum in the Argentine Embassy, he reached South America and organized the steamer seizure, which he expected would be the first stroke in the campaign that would culminate in Salazar's overthrow.

Galvao feels that the dictatorship has sapped the character and manhood of Portugal, and as proof cites the tameness with which 350 officers and crewmen surrendered a valuable ship to a resolute handful of weakly armed assailants. He believes, with an optimism that one fears is unjustified, that Portugal needs only to have its freedom restored and all will be well. He refrains from commenting on the fact that between 1910 and 1926 his country had a dose of what may be called freedom and that after nine presidents and a national bankruptcy all was decidedly not well. He is right in saying that Portugal has few Communists, but Communists have a way of rapidly cropping up once a breakdown in a regime occurs. Yet there is no doubt of the truth of much of what he says and of his sincerity: one feels that if the man in charge of the new Portugal, after Salazar, could be someone like Captain Galvao optimism would be justified.

Galvao knows the colonial situation well and produces figures and statistics collected by himself that the Portuguese regime will certainly never publish. The author contrasts the sorry picture they make with what he calls the hopeful two first decades of this century; however, foreigners did not view the 1900-1920 scene in Angola and Mozambique as optimistically as he does in retrospect. The captain does not have precise solutions to offer, but believes the emancipation of the African colonies must begin with the freeing of Portugal. He is surely right in saying that it will be disastrous if Portugal merely tosses Angola away as Belgium last year discarded the Congo. Nor does Galvao feel that the interests of the Asiatic colonies will be served by passing Goa to Nehru's India, Macao to Red China, and Timor to Indonesia. What he favors, though without developing the theme, is a federation of autonomous Portuguese states, with freedom coming faster to the Asiatics and a little more slowly to the Africans. Under this arrangement Portugal, which would presumably continue for a time as the center pin, would chiefly exercise control of foreign affairs.

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Christmas Books

Continued from page 32

Ideas

DISARMAMENT: The Challenge of the Nineteen Sixties. By Joseph P. Warburg. Doubleday. $4.50.
Scorning arms control as an ostrichlike political philosophy, Mr. Warburg urges disarmament as our national policy.

THE FUTURE OF MANKIND. By Karl Jaspers. University of Chicago. $5.95.
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IN PLACE OF FOLLY. By Norman Cousins. Harper. $3.
Detailing the horrors of chemical, biological, and radiological warfare, the author argues for a strengthened U.N. to cope with the problems of keeping the peace.

MAY MAN PREVAIL? An Inquiry into the Facts and Fictions of Foreign Policy. By Erich Fromm. Doubleday. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, 95¢.
The eminent psychiatrist elaborates on the thesis that "technically we are living in an atomic age, emotionally, we are still living in the stone age."

THE QUEST FOR BEING, AND OTHER STUDIES IN NATURALISM AND HUMANISM. By Sidney Hook. St. Martin's Press. $6.
Philosophic essays by the articulate defender of a secular and pragmatic naturalism.

WHEN NATIONS DISAGREE: A Handbook on Peace Through Law. By Arthur Larson. Louisiana State University. $3.95.
A terse and witty discussion of the body of international law, the ways it operates, and what must be done to improve it.

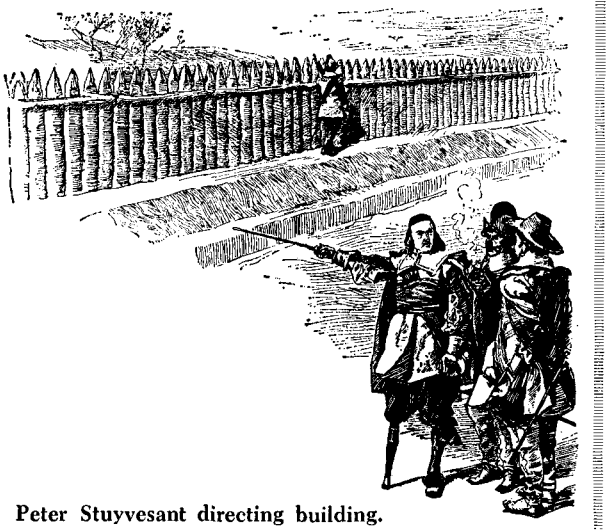
Personal History

AFRICAN ENCOUNTER: A Doctor in Nigeria. By Robert Collis. Scribners. $4.50.
An Irish physician who has spent several years in Nigeria makes some practical suggestions about aid to the underdeveloped countries of Africa.

AN ONLY CHILD. By Frank O'Connor. Knopf. $4.50.
The gifted Irish storyteller recalls his early life, his vigorous efforts to educate himself, and his participation in his country's Civil War.

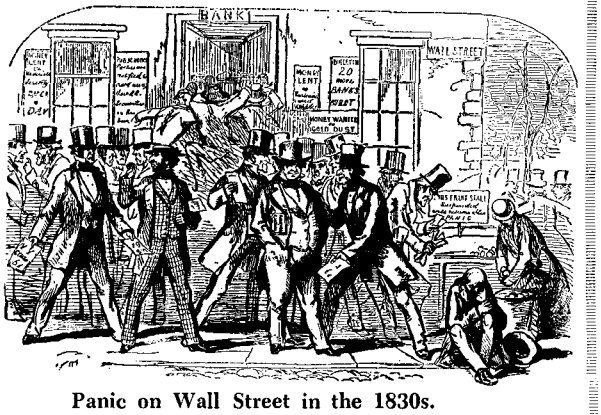
CITIZEN HEARST. By W. A. Swanberg. Scribners. $7.50.
Builder of a great publishing empire, collector of fabulous art treasures, the mysterious master of San Simeon remains a controversial figure.

DON'T LET THEM SCARE YOU: The Life

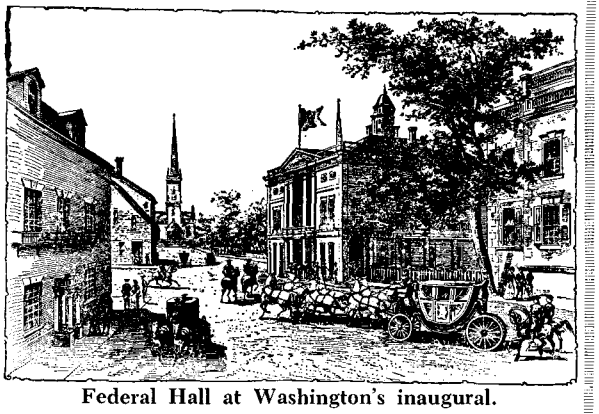


Peter Stuyvesant directing building.

John Van Arsdale raising American flag as British sail away.



Panic on Wall Street in the 1830s.



Federal Hall at Washington's inaugural.

AMERICA'S ARTERY: A Wooden barricade erected by the Dutch in New Amsterdam gave its name to the thoroughfare that is synonymous for Big Business. In text, photographs, nostalgic cartoons and prints, "**Wall Street: A Pictorial History**" (Ziff-Davis, $14.95), by Leonard Louis Levinson, depicts the gamut of events occurring there that have galvanized nations.

(left) Impression of Wall St., 1958

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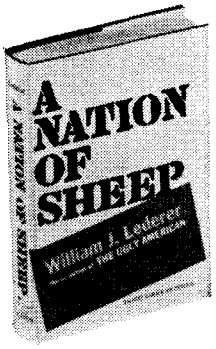

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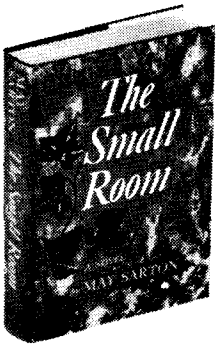

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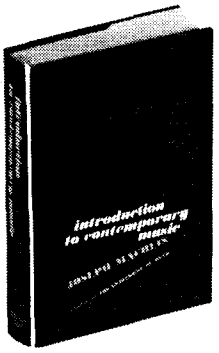

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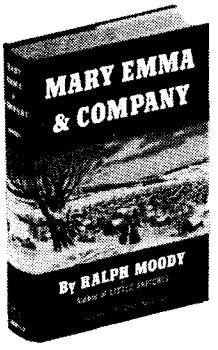

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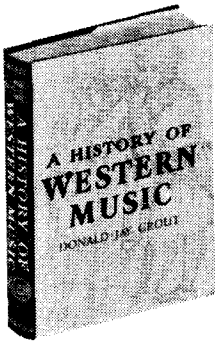

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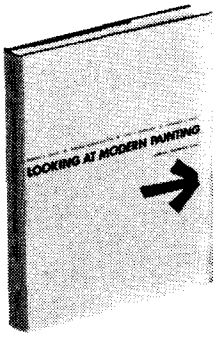

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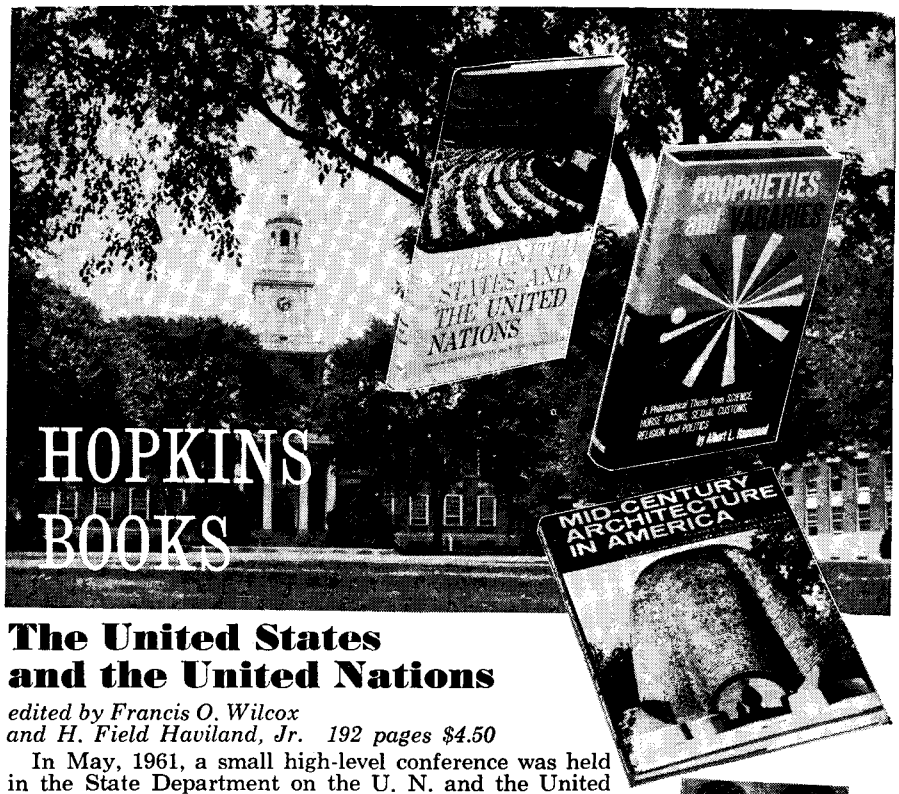

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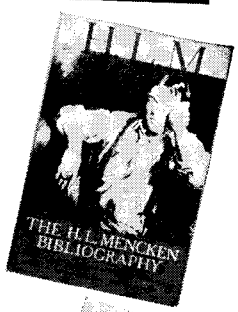

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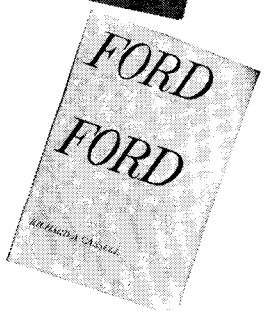

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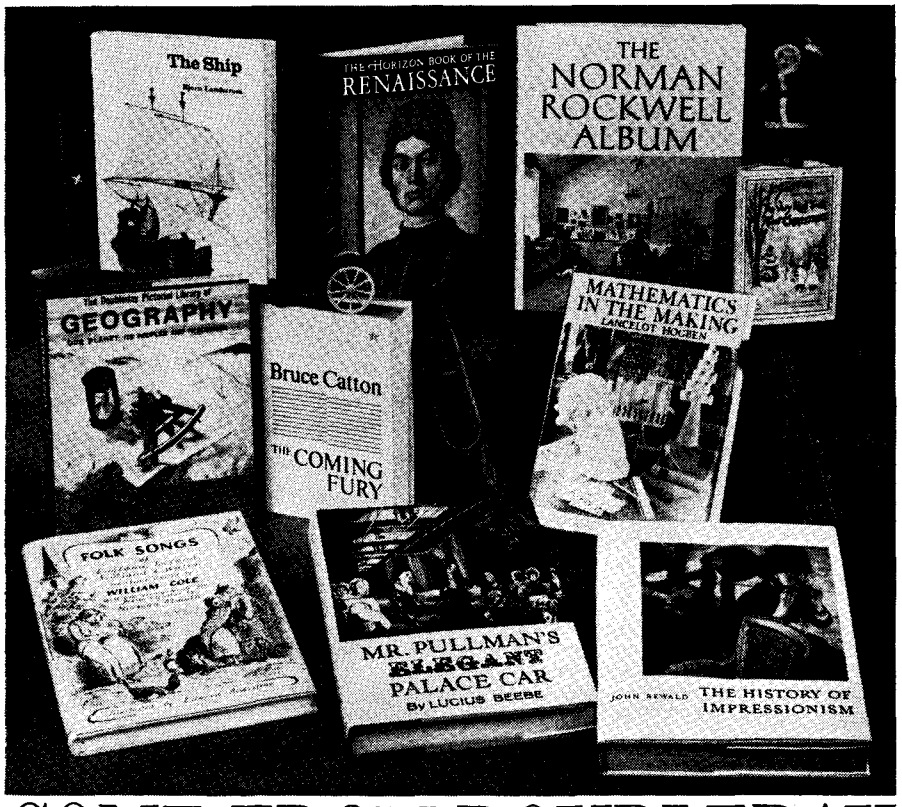

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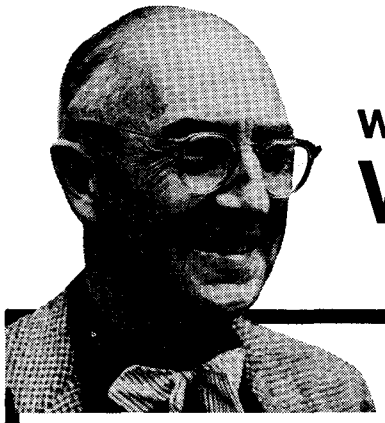

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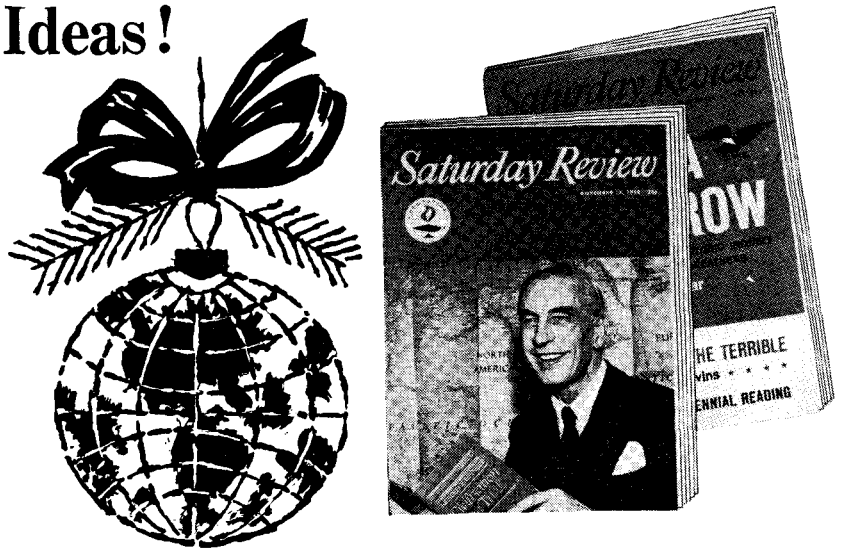

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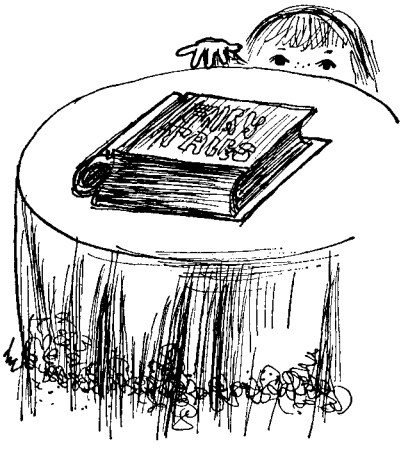

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A list of gift books for young people will appear in* SR *December 16, to be followed on December 23 with choice paperback and whodunit selections.*

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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

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ARTICLE: The Business of Giving

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE BUSINESS OF GIVING

CAIN and Abel are the main protagonists of human society.

They always have been. They always will be.

For capricious as men themselves are, the environment in which the slender threads of their lives hang is infinitely less dependable. So whether he would or would not, every man must be his brother's keeper if the race is to survive.

This has been understood from the beginning.

At first the keeping was done within the family, and later within the tribe. Still later, it was done by giving of alms at the doors of temples, beneath the eyes of aggressively fraternal gods.

Keeping one's brother in that very long ago meant keeping him fed enough to remain alive, keeping him clothed if in nothing better than rags, keeping him sheltered against the worst rages of heaven, and keeping him in touch with the life around him enough to save him from the deepest damnation of earth: utter aloneness.

Through the ages, this response to suffering and need has been counted one of the highest attributes of human uniqueness. Charity was the old word for it, and in the books of the teachers charity was placed even above faith and hope.

Up through the first half of the twentieth century the word charity still encompassed only food, clothing, shelter, and a certain understanding touch of the hand. More and better the food became; the clothing less shabby; and the shelter usually included walls and a roof. But the touch of the hand became cool and impersonal as cities grew and as more people moved off the land into the cities.

Paradoxically, it was war—not the peaceful pursuits of normal brotherhood—that worked the most cataclysmic change in the ancient practice of keeping one's brothers. A war which blew the pattern of human destruction to global proportions for the first time also produced a habit of response that could be trained to other ends.

After World War I closed, the "war chests" that had been organized in villages, towns and cities across the United States for the bond drives were eager for something new and constructive. Substituting the word "community" for the word "war" in their names, they stopped selling bonds and sold the juice of human kindness instead. The idea was to pool all the needs of all those who had in one way or another been bested by their environment—the crippled, the sick, the hungry, the ragged. Pool them all and pay the bill in one grand swoop, as true brothers should. And the people in the villages and the towns and the cities paid gladly.

Indeed, so generous was the giving that the number of hands outstretched to receive the gifts multiplied. Wealthy men, who in those days bore the brunt of common problems, found themselves constantly besieged. Paul L. Feiss, who had performed wonders with the Cleveland war chest, traveled to New York to ask the help of the American Red Cross in sorting the worthy from the unworthy. Henry P. Davison, the Morgan banking partner who then headed the Red Cross, told Mr. Feiss the Red Cross couldn't possibly put itself in a position of judging its competitors for the public generosity. But Mr. Davison pointed out to his visitor that there already existed in New York City an organization that might fulfill the function Mr. Feiss sought. This was the Contributors Information Bureau, a division of the Charity Organization Society, which had been operating in New York since the late 1800s.

As a result of Mr. Feiss' visit, the Contributors Information Bureau changed its name to the National Investigation Bureau and undertook the task Mr. Feiss had set forth. A staff headed by Barry Smith began to scrutinize the performance of community agencies throughout the country. One year later, the name was changed again to the National Information Bureau, and it has so remained ever since.

Eight precepts were laid down to guide the National Information Bureau in that year 1918. By omitting the word charity, these rules anticipated history, for that word was soon to disappear from popular usage along with the ambivalent connotations it gave to the ancient practice of keeping one's brothers. What the scriptures had commanded to be done in secret would before long be celebrated in public and shouted from the rooftops by a different name: philanthropy. The shouting would, in time, become a bedlam, in no small part because one rich and stubborn member of the Roosevelt family, surnamed Franklin, being struck down by paralysis of his legs in young adulthood, would struggle painfully to his feet and stand in a steel corset to make of himself a symbol of the triumph of human courage over affliction. And this man Roosevelt would lead a great nation, and he would use his power to add all the old gifts of charity—food, clothing and shelter—to the political rights of the American people. Because of the peaceful revolution he would fight within a democratic form of government, the people's instinctive yearning to share—whipped to frenzy by promises that science could bring medical miracles out of hats like a ma-

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gician's rabbits if only the money were available to buy hats of the correct size—would seek new outlets and immensely complicate the work of the National Information Bureau after the 1930s.

But that was not foreseeable in 1918, and the National Information Bureau wrote its precepts from the proposition that "philanthropic operations entail a high degree of responsibility because of the element of public trusteeship." Not a jot has been changed in the text in almost half a century, so that it continues to read:

"Compliance with the following standards is considered essential for approval [of an agency that derives its income from the voluntary gifts of the people] by the bureau:

"1. Board—An active and responsible governing body [must maintain direction of the agency], serving without compensation, holding regular meetings, and with effective administrative control.

"2. Purpose—A legitimate purpose with no avoidable duplication of the work of other sound organizations.

"3. Program—Reasonable efficiency in program management, and reasonable adequacy of resources, both material and personnel.

"4. Cooperation—Evidence of consultation and cooperation with established agencies in the same or related fields.

"5. Ethical promotion—ethical methods of publicity, promotion and solicitation of funds.

"6. Fund-raising practice—In fund-raising:

(a) No payment of commissions for fund-raising.

(b) No mailing of unordered tickets or merchandise with a request for money in return.

(c) No general telephone solicitation of the public.

"7. Audit—Annual audit, prepared by an independent certified public accountant or trust company, showing all income and disbursements, in reasonable detail. New organizations should provide a certified public accountant's statement that a proper financial system has been installed.

"8. Budget—Detailed annual budget, translating program plans into financial terms."

The effect of the bureau's vigilance is far out of proportion to its own budget, which in 1960 was still below $80,000 a year. Only by acting as wholesalers can executive director D. Paul Reed and his tiny staff maintain surveillance over a major segment of the $48,000,000,000 capital investment that puts philanthropy among the ten biggest industries in America. By advising foundations (with assets of more than $5,000,000,000), great corporations (A T & T, Ford, General Mills, International Harvester, Metropolitan Life, P & G, Sears-Roebuck and Shell Oil, for example) and Chambers of Commerce and Better Business Bureaus throughout the country, the bureau reaches hundreds of thousands of the enthusiastic givers who are year by year expanding the already enormous kindness-and-mercy enterprise. Questions that any of these individuals ask go back to the bureau, so whoever raises his voice in doubt is a potential initiator of reform.

"A single inquiry, and confidential report in response, may be sufficient at times to produce a needed reorganization of a national agency, or to block the fund-raising of a substandard one in an entire community," the bureau's annual report for 1960 declared. During that year, the same report noted, "probably thirty-five to fifty national agencies" had been called to account for failure to meet the bureau's minima in one respect or another.

Mr. Reed and his staff are justifiably proud of the National Information Bureau's performance. At the same time, they are honest in pointing out that they were unable to prevent contributions totaling an estimated $75,000,000 last year to agencies that didn't deserve the trust.

MR. REED has functioned in his present role of quasi-public conscience for two decades. That long experience has shaped a perspective quite distinct and different from what a sociologist might call "the norm." He sees things that most other people either miss or misplace. He sees first of all that the voluntarily-supported health agencies are not really private but public in the sense that they owe their original existence to the willingness of the voters, through the government, to allow the agencies to operate and to operate free of the burden of taxation. The agencies are public in the further sense that their paid staffs are shepherds for unpaid volunteers who do a vast amount of the hardest work. The agencies are also public in the ultimate sense that they would disappear if their treasuries were not replenished yearly by the gifts of perhaps 50,000,000 trusting persons who spend their substance so uniformly on nothing else.

Mr. Reed sees, too, that there is more substance to be spent now than there ever was before. The voices exhorting the expenditure are louder and are reaching more hearers at one blast than ever before. And the messages that people are most eagerly waiting to hear are the types of messages that can most easily be distorted. In times past, if promises of food, clothing or shelter were made and not kept, the neglect was quickly and unmistakably discerned. Today's promises are not nearly Who can say fairly when intent and as susceptible to horseback judgment. when circumstance is to blame for failure to bring mama back from the barroom and papa from the house down the street, or keep headstrong junior out of jail?

Even without those complications, tossed up by the wake of World War II, the application of thinking to giving is by no means the simple and natural act of a thinking animal. A genuine urge to help others very often blocks or even actively rejects any thought of skepticism about any hand that reaches out ostensibly to pass the help along. Another uncertainty enters where parents are involved. For many parents live in fear that they are somehow to blame for crippled, chronically sick, mentally backward or wilfully delinquent children. The guilt often is assuaged for these parents if they can only associate in some way with parents of other unfortunate children. Raising money to solve the problems common to their children is not only an effective but a socially acceptable fulfilment of this need.

The agencies themselves could help more than they do by toning down the exaggerated claims they allow to be made by professional fund-seekers. Mr. Reed has been known to wish that some vigorous disciplining might be undertaken by the National Health Council, a trade association of voluntary health agencies that was organized in 1921.

This same wish was expressed in print as long ago as 1945, in a report sponsored by the National Health Council itself. Written following a three-year study of 569 agencies in sixty-five cities and twenty-nine states, financed by the Rockefeller Foundation, the report found that in twenty years the National Health Council had "seldom spoken with the voice of authority" to its membership. As a result each individual agency developed "an enthusiasm for the institution" of itself, creating an overall "effect of dealing with isolated aches and troubles rather than with the whole person." "Time and effort spent on a particular problem, say mental health, is not determined by need but by effectiveness of its fund-raising techniques," the report stated. "Some agencies have more money than they can use well, while others starve." Rarely had any agency tried very hard to find out what contributors thought of the way their con-

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tributions were spent, the report continued, commenting: "Getting money is in itself no proof of anything except that the public has been persuaded to give it—as it has been persuaded to spend millions of dollars on patent medicines and gimcracks."

"From a mere handful" in 1900, the number of fund-collecting agencies had risen "to over 20,000," the report observed. They generated a "confusing duplication of appeals" which ought to be clarified by "a strong central national agency." The logical candidate for the unifying job, the report writers felt, was the National Health Council "if it expanded its scope, increased its resources and found a new type of direction truly representative of the public interest."

Fifteen years later, in 1960, the Rockefeller Foundation financed another survey of the situation, this one by an *ad hoc* committee of prominent citizens headed by the late John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s right-hand man, Lindsley F. Kimball. This inquiry was intended to explore the possibilities of specific action, and to recommend what the best of these might be. The spadework was done by one of the few Americans who have won doctorates in both medicine and law: Dr. Robert Hamlin, associate professor at the Harvard School of Public Health. After twenty months and 125,000 miles of travel, he wrote out and the *ad hoc* committee first edited and then unanimously approved essentially the following conclusions:

The "strong central national agency" hoped for in 1945 had not emerged. Instead, the "confusing duplication of appeals" from "over 20,000" agencies had been multiplied by appearance of four times that many new agencies, making a total of 100,000! Giving had soared to a rate of $1,500,000,000 a year! Much of the money had been given in response to claims of achievement for which the claimants were not wholly and sometimes not at all responsible. Practically nothing was known about how the money was spent. The little that was known was not reassuring. Too much was going into staff salaries and other agency overhead, too little to the services the agencies were created to render. None to speak of seemed to be going into new and original approaches, and very little was going into a search for fundamental causes as opposed to alleviation of symptoms of social and economic disorders. Agencies had united at the local level, but the united funds were being fought by a few powerful national agencies, notably the American Cancer Society. There was discouragingly small interest at any level in what should be the main concern of all: the complementary fitting together of voluntary effort with the work of the primarily responsible government agencies.

Where the 1945 report had attempted to prod the National Health Council into spirited leadership toward reform, Dr. Hamlin assumed that what had not happened in fifteen years was not likely to happen. He commended the Council for repeated starts in developing uniform accounting principles for the voluntary agencies, but put these aside as inadequate. More than principles were needed, he concluded, and he recommended uniform accounting with a standard chart of accounts. This, he explained, would enable routine comparisons, item by item, of how agencies obtain and use their funds—"an almost impossible task at present."

Mr. Reed and his staff at the National Information Bureau cheered the standard accounting proposal and Dr. Hamlin's accompanying statement that the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants was ready to begin work on such a system if some philanthropic foundation would issue a grant to cover costs. The National Information Bureau had argued for standard accounting for a long time. It would put sharp teeth on some of the bureau's precepts.

Salaries paid to executive directors and other senior administrators of the voluntary agencies, for example, are not common knowledge as are the salaries of government and corporation officials. Although tradition says the amounts generally are not high, a few top agency chiefs may be paid around $50,000 a year. The only limit at the present time is what the traffic will bear.

Should the paid director of a voluntary health agency dedicate himself exclusively to that job?

Most of the major agencies monitored by the National Information Bureau operate on the principle that he should. But the principle is not always adhered to. The Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society has been wrestling for the last two years with a contrary tradition. There the executive director, James V. Lavin, for a long time had divided his time between running the American Cancer Society for Massachusetts and operating the office of his own private fund-raising firm, the James V. Lavin Company.

There was nothing secret about this. The Lavin Company office was just across Newbury Street from the Ameri-

The Case of the Missing $58,000,000

In the report he wrote for the Rockefeller Foundation's *ad hoc* Committee on Voluntary Health and Welfare Agencies in the United States, Dr. Robert Hamlin presented an interesting anomaly. He found that financial statements given by fifty-six national volunteer agencies to the National Information Bureau recorded a total income of $292,000,000 and a total expenditure of $234,000,000. What happened to the difference of $58,000,000? Dr. Hamlin assumed the money was spent by local chapters of some agencies. But neither he nor anyone else really knows. The figures just aren't available.

It was also noted in Dr. Hamlin's report for the Rockefeller Foundation committee that ten national agencies in their pleas for funds say that fund-raising costs take only 7-to-15 cents of every dollar they receive. But the Board of Social Service Commissioners of the City of Los Angeles, California—which actually audits the accounts of nine of these ten agencies in Los Angeles—says that in 1959 the sums spent for raising each dollar were:

American Cancer Society	12.5¢
Crippled Children's Society	14.3¢
Association for Mental Health	36.2¢
American Heart Association	22.8¢
Muscular Dystrophy Assns.	33.3¢
National Foundation	19.4¢
Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation	27.7¢
TB and Health Assn.	26.8¢
United Cerebral Palsy Assn.	18.5¢

"The wide discrepancy [between the national claims and the local realities in Los Angeles] arises principally from differences in allocation of costs between fund-raising and public education," Dr. Hamlin said. "Many agencies assign part of fund-raising expenses to education."

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXIX

VIGILANTE? OR SIMPLY VIGILANT?

Doctor-Lawyer Robert H. Hamlin

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WHEN a good physician steps across the thin but very important line which separates private medicine from public health work, he must of necessity gird himself and prepare for rough jousting in America's most popular contest—politics.

"One has to get used to rather bombastic attacks," Dr. Robert H. Hamlin told me recently. "Too many people in public health try to do what they think other people want them to do. It is representative of the prevailing value of conformism in our society. People in public health have to do everything by committee."

If this is true, Dr. Hamlin is a marked exception. Since last June 30, for example, when Rockefeller Foundation support of his "*ad hoc* citizens' committee" ran out, he has been working alone and at his own expense to keep the issues of the voluntary agencies before the public. This means raising his voice often and with characteristic vigor before such diverse and carefully chosen groups as public relations associations and labor unions. In order to do this, he must follow a staggering travel schedule in addition to important and time-consuming duties as a faculty member of the Harvard University School of Public Health.

But at 38, this rare phenomenon of physician-lawyer, teacher and public health administrator is a seasoned crammer of 3600 seconds of work into an hour.

Robert Henry Hamlin was born in Cambridge while his father was doing graduate work at Harvard. Professor Howard E. Hamlin subsequently served briefly at Middlebury and then settled at Ohio State University, where he taught physiology in the medical school. It was his father's work in medical education that first pointed the boy toward a medical career. Since faculty salaries were small during the Great Depression of 1929, it was also his father's teaching position, perhaps, which midwived the powerful personal drive that has characterized Robert Hamlin ever since. At the age of 13, young Hamlin started a house-to-house sales route, selling so many paper supplies to housewives that his spare hours soon were netting him $25 a week, a sum whose purchasing power the economic troubles of the times greatly magnified.

By the time he was 16 and a freshman at Ohio State, Hamlin had learned that energy enthusiastically invested could earn large dividends. He acquired the position of secretary-treasurer in the student senate, a political post that paid $425 a year. Since he lived at home, this was more than enough to put him through the state university. He took one summer off, to work on a pipe-laying crew for the Ohio Gas Company. The other summers were spent in pursuit of an accelerated course which contained both pre-medical and pre-legal studies. Headed toward medicine by his father, he felt an attraction to the law because he liked people and the theories and mechanics of organization.

Hamlin was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year, and at the end of that year he entered medical school at Northwestern. During the next four years he earned four degrees: in 1944, a Bachelor of Arts (*summa cum laude*) from Ohio State, which accepted transfer credits from the medical school; in 1945, a Bachelor of Science in Medicine from Northwestern; in 1946, a Bachelor of Medicine, and in 1947, a Doctor of Medicine, with honors. He graduated second in his class, having dropped from first place shortly after becoming president of the Nu Sigma Nu fraternity. Actually, it was in the preceding year that he finished medical school, receiving his doctorate, after the Northwestern custom, following internship, which he took in surgery at Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Hard after the M.D. degree followed another title—Lt., JG (MC), USNR. The new naval surgeon, at 24 years of age, found himself suddenly transformed into the Senior Medical Officer for the Western Caroline Islands, an area of the Pacific Ocean roughly two-thirds as large as the United States.

Many another young man, placed in a remote post with a definite number of months to tick off, has discovered that the more Scotch whiskey one consumes the more one appreciates that distinctive smoky taste. Instead, Dr. Hamlin discovered public health.

ALL around him were thousands of natives, pitifully harassed by diseases which had preyed upon their ancestors —as well as some new ones which were gifts of the twentieth century. Dr. Hamlin organized one of the first yaws campaigns in the Pacific. To carry it out, he traveled by canoe and on foot, healing with a hand made magic by virtue of the penicillin it held. In order to understand his patients better he taught himself to speak Palauan, a language for which no dictionary existed and for which he had to develop his own phonetic system. At his home base he set up a 100-bed hospital staffed by Navy corpsmen, two doctors and native nurses he trained himself. He worked at the hospital daily from 8 a.m. until 5:30 p.m., ate supper, and then took advantage of the night-time cool to perform surgery from 6 p.m. until 1 a.m. He did lots of plastic surgery and a wide variety of other things.

"I've handled more ectopic pregnancies than most obstetricians," he told me long afterward. "They were made necessary by gonorrhea brought to the natives by Japanese who had occupied the territory for a year."

Dr. Hamlin celebrated his own Independence Day on July 4, 1949, when

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can Cancer Society headquarters in Boston. Mr. Lavin was listed on the American Cancer Society letterhead as executive director of the society's Massachusetts division, and a display advertisement for his fund-raising company was published regularly in the yellow pages of the Boston telephone directory. A few people grumbled from time to time about "Jim Lavin's two jobs" but they were dismissed as cranks. Everybody else said Mr. Lavin was a brilliant fund raiser; that was what mattered. He was, in fact, such a gifted fund raiser that one prominent Boston banker up to a few weeks ago knew Mr. Lavin only as a raiser of funds in other fields than cancer and did not realize that he was also the executive director of the cancer society.

Now Fitchburg is a Massachusetts town of 45,000, roughly sixty miles from Boston. Although George R. Wallace, chairman of the board of the Fitchburg Paper Company, knows his way about Boston he is more familiar with New York, where the Fitchburg Company has an office on Park Avenue. Mr. Wallace therefore was not acquainted with Mr. Lavin's reputation as a fund raiser. To Mr. Wallace, Mr. Lavin was simply the executive director of the American Cancer Society in Massachusetts. The two men met and worked together in 1959, when Mr. Wallace headed the crusade for cancer-fighting funds in the Fitchburg area and collected more money

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—Harvard

Dr. Robert Hamlin

the Navy turned him back to civilian life. But he was faced by a personal decision which made the moment crucial. The desire to study law never had left him. Before shipping to the Pacific he had consulted authorities at Harvard Law School and had been assured that he was an acceptable student. Now he decided to study law instead of continuing his surgical training.

The Pacific experience had given him a taste for public health, at the same time revealing to him that a clinician who faces a long succession of different patients every day also faces the danger that the practice of medicine may become somewhat impersonal. "I went to law school with the idea that by combining law and medicine I could work to see that more health services could be made available to more people," he explained later. He considers his experience in law school the most traumatic and productive of all his years in education. "So much of medical training is composed of rote learning and acquisition of skill. What law has given me is not a speicfic knowledge of statutes, but instead a dispassionate method of analysis. During law school I learned to think again. Law teaches you to analyze a problem into understandable components, teaches you that nothing is absolute, nothing is absolutely right, nothing is absolutely wrong."

Because of his ultimate goal, it occurred to him at the end of his first year in law school that he needed academic training in public health. Therefore—while still pursuing his legal training at the Law School—he enrolled in Harvard's School of Public Health. He stretched the three-year law course over four years, but still had to work at a pace that made his Pacific interlude seem a tropical vacation. By the end of his third year of law he was awarded the degree of Master of Public Health, *magna cum laude*, graduating at the top of his class. During his last law school year he attended classes; founded a medical-legal seminar which is now taught at the law school as a regular course; taught administration and law at the School of Public Health; and served as staff consultant to the Massachusetts "Baby Hoover" Commission on the structure of state government. Despite all this activity he found time to lead his law school fraternity as chancellor of the Chancery Club, and to institute a savings program which later permitted the organization to buy its own building. He worked seven days a week and got only four and one-half hours sleep at night, but on October 30, 1953, he became a member of the bar. His comment, upon being congratulated by a reporter, was understandable: "Thank God it's over."

Over?

Merely different.

Dr. Hamlin continued to teach at both the Harvard School of Public Health and the Harvard Law School, and in addition accepted a full-time position as Director of Public Health in the sprawling Boston suburb of Brookline. He directed a study of the Harvard University Department of Hygiene which led to a $4.5 million health center now under construction in Cambridge. And he served as a consultant to the medical services task force of the Second Hoover Commission.

FOR three and one-half years he stayed in Brookline. During that time he effected a coalition of services being offered by the School Department and the Public Health Department, brought into the community a Visiting Nurse Association, supervised the building of a $550,000 health center, and devised a plan that reduced by one-third the annual cost (formerly $100,000) of hospitalizing patients with tuberculosis. Brookline gave him confidence. A man of abundant energy whose mind works steadily and with speed, he has been accused of having too much self-assurance. He denies that: "I'm not confident in myself at all. I always have to ask myself if I'm doing the right thing."

He left Brookline in 1957 for Washington, D.C., where he served as assistant to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. At HEW he was responsible for central program planning, review and policy coordination. In 1958 he was appointed by then President Eisenhower as a delegate to the 10th UNESCO Conference in Paris. He returned in 1959 to Harvard, where he is at present developing a new program for the administration and organization of medical services.

DR. HAMLIN is a wine-drinker and pipe-smoker. He is married to the former Miss Beate Kraschewski, a graduate of the University of Gottingen and a former practicing attorney in Germany. They met in an airliner over Boston, were married in West Berlin, honeymooned in Taormina, Sicily, and now live in Newton Center, Mass. They also have a weekend house on Lake Wicwas, near Laconia, N.H. Dr. Hamlin recognizes that the weekend place is a device seized upon by his wife in an attempt to get him to relax more and work less. But, although he goes to Wicwas every third week end, he utilizes the time there to dig up trees and ready them for transplanting in Newton Center.

Recently, while we discussed the attractions of a good game of tennis, he remarked that his wife had been for a time junior tennis champion of Berlin. I asked him whether she beat him badly. The question came to him as a surprise. "Why, I really don't know," he said. "I've never played her. There just hasn't been time."

—NOAH GORDON

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than ever had been collected in that area before.

Because of his remarkable success in the 1959 cancer drive in Fitchburg and environs, Mr. Wallace was invited to join the board of directors of the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society and to lead the 1960 crusade for all of Massachusetts. He accepted the assignment with enthusiasm, for his favorite office secretary and one of the most valuable foremen in his factory had been recent cancer victims.

At the time of this appointment, Mr. Wallace was in Florida. He flew from there to Boston to keep a date with Mr. Lavin at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon of one of the early days of April 1960.

"I waited in the cancer society's office most of the afternoon," Mr. Wallace recalls. "Every half hour his secretary came out to say he would be available soon. He didn't show up until 4 o'clock. He offered no explanation. I was provoked. Later I was told he had been across the street."

Through this vexing experience Mr. Wallace discovered what Mr. Lavin had never disguised: the office of the Lavin fund-raising company across the street.

Mr. Wallace is a man of action. He belongs to the Explorers' Club, and is constantly poking his nose into new places. He is the only corporate board chairman I know who has been chased

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by a rhinoceros and has motion pictures to prove it.

Mr. Wallace got even with the rhinoceros by driving 90,000 cancer crusaders from doorbell to doorbell throughout Massachusetts. Although the drive netted $1,150,000, he was chagrined at the end. "It could have been $2,000,000 easily if we had been properly organized," he said, and he recommended that the 1961 goal be raised to $1,500,000. As a first step toward that goal, he recommended that Mr. Lavin be asked either to give up his own fund-raising business and work full time for the cancer society or resign as executive director of the cancer society and serve as the society's fund raising consultant through the Lavin fund-raising company.

As executive director of the society, Mr. Wallace pointed out, Mr. Lavin received a salary of $27,000 a year. In return for this sum it was reasonable to expect effective leadership. Yet in the fund drive just ended, Mr. Wallace reported in a letter to the society secretary, James T. Mountz, and the then president of the society, Dr. Shields Warren, "eight out of twelve area directors were new and inexperienced. . . . The area directors are the motivating force in our crusade. . . . An area director should have not less than one year's experience —preferably two years. . . . The 1960 team of area directors should never have deteriorated to the point where it was only one-third effective. It clearly points to an existing condition.

"Mr. Lavin is over-loaded with work for the cancer society and outside interests. Since 1952 he has been operating his own fund-raising company that directly competes with our fund raising effort. No one could possibly keep the resulting overlapping and intermingling interests separate. Furthermore, there are not enough hours in the day for anyone to take on this work load."

"The board of directors of the Massachusetts Cancer Society," this letter from Mr. Wallace to the Messrs. Mountz and Warren continued, had an "inescapable responsibility" for the situation, which "did not occur overnight. For three years our expenses have been steadily increasing. The returns from the crusades have not increased correspondingly. The situation . . . is . . . shocking."

Dr. Warren wrote promptly in reply to this communication, saying he "was disturbed" by its contents and assuring Mr. Wallace that "irregularities and unbusinesslike management . . . would not be tolerated." He urged Mr. Wallace to "lay such facts as you desire" before a specially appointed committee of the board members: Samuel E. Seegal, Dr. Charles C. Lund, and society secretary Mountz, who not only sat on the Massachusetts board but on the national board of the American Cancer Society and also, according to Mr. Wallace, was associated with the law firm representing Mr. Lavin's fund-raising company.

MR. WALLACE accepted Dr. Warren's invitation and wrote a formal report. In it he repeated his conviction as a businessman that the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society was "in a financial state of diminishing net returns." He described Mr. Lavin as "an extremely hard-working man" who had made a "great contribution . . . to the society in the past" but who was now being overwhelmed by the responsibilities of the society's million-dollar operation plus representation "of several organizations soliciting funds, in the field of large gifts as well as the general public . . . in the same areas." The society board, Mr. Wallace's report went on, had "a compelling moral obligation to have our staff organized so that every cent and every effort expended is solely in the interest of the society." "Never," the report insisted, "should there be . . . a primary conflict of interests by any member of our professional staff." The report concluded: "It would seem unwise to go again to the citizens of Massachusetts and ask for crusade volunteers until this situation is resolved."

But the reviewing committee headed by Mr. Mountz apparently did not agree with this critical appraisal of the society's affairs. At the close of September 1960, Mr. Wallace again addressed Dr. Warren and the society directors and acknowledged that the committee's conclusions "are to continue the existing arrangement" under which "we pay our executive director and the president of the James V. Lavin Company a fee of $27,000 a year plus expenses while [he is] acting for several other organizations, soliciting funds . . . in the same areas . . . . It is also proposed by the committee to appoint as assistant executive director at a salary as yet to be announced." This decision Mr. Wallace found to be "indefensible."

"The volunteer workers and those who contribute their dimes, quarters and dollars look to the officers and directors of the cancer society with great hope and with confidence that the directors will safeguard their interests," he wrote. "Our budget figures indicate the shocking amount of $548,241 of total overhead expenses. After making the regular allotment to national headquarters, we find that with $1,150,000 collected in the state of Massachusetts during our 1960 crusade we have left only $157,759 for total grants" for the research that the contributors had been promised in return for their money.

"With great regret," Mr. Wallace ended this letter by resigning from the board of directors of the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society. But he did not abandon his cause. He felt personally responsible for the 90,000 volunteers who had followed him in ringing doorbells. He appealed to the national headquarters of the American Cancer Society in October 1960. In November he received word from Dr. Warren that Mr. Lavin would thereafter be asked to consider the executive directorship of the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society a full-time responsibility.

Mr. Wallace requested confirmation that this was a formal action by the board of directors. Dr. Warren replied that the board had not yet met but that action had been taken by the board's executive committee. It was understood, Dr. Warren wrote, that Mr. Lavin would need time to terminate his past working assignment with clients other than the cancer society. It was estimated that this period of readjustment would continue to the neighborhood of January 15, 1961.

In acknowledging receipt of this advice, Mr. Wallace suggested a meeting between Dr. Warren and himself to review the situation around January 15. He is still awaiting that meeting. The yellow pages of the 1961 Boston telephone directory, which went to press in October 1960, continue to carry the fund-raising advertisement of the James V. Lavin Company. But records at the Massachusetts State House in Boston show that on December 29, 1960, incorporation papers were filed for the Lavin Company, Inc. Humphrey Barker was named as president, Saul Neglin as clerk, and Albert Bowman as treasurer and sole stockholder.

One year later, in the autumn of 1961, there were rumors that Mr. Lavin was engaged in raising funds for educational radio station WGBH and for the Boston College centennial. Spokesman for WGBH said his connection with it ended a year and a half ago. Boston Col-

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calls this book: "A must for every responsible person in today's world . . .
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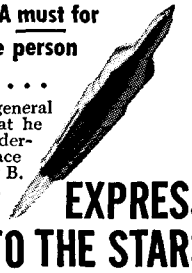
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lege said his only tie with the centennial was the voluntary and personal one of an alumnus. A person who asked Dr. Warren about Mr. Lavin's participation in fund raising for the Boston Symphony Orchestra was told that the Massachusetts Cancer Society board had agreed to allow Mr. Lavin to do "certain things" unrelated to the society "on Saturdays and Sundays."

Although the Boston newspapers have paid no attention to this affair, the details are widely known around Fitchburg. Some of its citizens are resentful of the impending closing of the American Cancer Society area office in Fitchburg; they feel it is a reprisal against Mr. Wallace's outspoken attitude. Mr. Wallace himself does not share this feeling. He recognizes the need to redistrict the state for campaign purposes, and welcomes any moves toward the heightened efficiency he had advocated. However, he is puzzled by the instructions that some employees in the Massachusetts Cancer Headquarters say they have been given to avoid communicating with old friends in the Fitchburg Paper Co.

"I'm afraid Jim Lavin has taken my interest in this matter as a personal affront," Mr. Wallace told me last week. "He seems to think I am carrying on a personal attack against him. This isn't true at all. I haven't accused him of wrong-doing. I have simply said it isn't good business practice for a million-dollar enterprise like the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society to be run by a part-time manager. And even standard business practice in my opinion is not quite good enough for management of a voluntary health agency. The management of a voluntary health agency is a public trusteeship."

As opposed to Mr. Wallace's definition of the Massachusetts controversy, there have been voluntary fund-raising situations in which wrong-doing *was* alleged. Grand jury indictments in Minneapolis last year brought one of these into the open. The jury charged Marvin Klein, for fourteen years the director of the sister Kenny Foundation, with grand larceny and fraudulent mismanagement. The counts included overpayment of $1,800,000 in direct mail fund-raising commission fees, kiting his own salary from $25,000 to $48,000 a year, conducting one appeal which cost seventy-eight cents of every dollar contributed, conducting another appeal which cost fifty-seven cents of every incoming dollar, and appropriating fifty-three percent of all contributions as fund raising expense over a period of seven years.

The work that Sister Elizabeth Kenny started in treatment of polio passed unchallenged, and is continuing today. Only the agency management was indicted. In deploring the "neglectful, indifferent and unconcerned" attitude of the subsequently supplanted Kenny Foundation governing board, the grand jury warned:

"Too often, prominent and busy citizens lend their names as directors of charitable boards without realizing that they are also assuming the obligations of guardianship . . . [as well as] a moral responsibility to the public. . . . No director can abdicate his responsibility to the hundreds and thousands of contributors who donate to such causes. Accepting the honor of serving on a board carries with it a moral obligation and an accountable responsibility."

In reporting this unhappy case to its members, the National Information Bureau reminded that the scandalous denouement could have been avoided. To those who had read the annual reports of the Kenny Foundation with an inquiring attitude—as reports of all fund-raising organizations ought to be read ("you never give to a cause," Mr. Reed points out; "you give to an organization, and organizations are sometimes good, sometimes bad, and sometimes in-between")—indications of shortcomings in the Kenny management had been visible for fifteen years before the grand jury acted.

Outright fraud is rare in the National Information Bureau's experience. Most of its advices are based on delinquencies that fall far short of transgressing the law.

One agency that has not yet met the minimum standards of the National Information Bureau is the National Foundation (formerly the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis), which conducts the famous "March of Dimes." Measured by the bureau's precepts, the National Foundation sometimes exaggerates its claims. In promoting its 1960 "Mothers March," for instance, the National Foundation enlisted mothers as volunteer fund raisers (a role they have come to dislike and to shun) by encouraging them to believe that in ringing doorbells and asking the respondents a set list of questions, the mothers would be conducting a scientific survey valuable in planning rehabilitation of the crippled. Actually, the questions were scientifically meaningless. There was no way of weighing the answers. They fitted into no accepted scientific design for opinion sampling.

Although the "March of Dimes" was not explicitly named in the report Dr. Robert Hamlin wrote for the Rockefeller Foundation's *ad hoc* Committee on Voluntary Health and Welfare Agencies in the United States, the report did include a passage criticising the inauguration of "new and expanded services" by voluntary agencies before "the effectiveness of existing programs . . . [could be] determined." And the National Foundation in 1958 had expanded its field of activities from polio and the viruses to arthritis and birth defects, meanwhile asking hospitals with polio patients to wait five years for payment of $2,000,000 in bills the National Foundation had previously guaranteed. In any event, the Foundation's director, Basil O'Connor, took himself to be one of the targets of Dr. Hamlin's criticism, and lashed back with a charge that if the Rockefeller Foundation committee report were adopted as a guide for action it would destroy "one of the most cherished privileges of democracy by inflicting on volunteers a government by vigilante."

Dr. Hamlin is hardly a vigilante. But I can see how he might be mistaken for one. Brimful of high-octane idealism, and accustomed himself to travel like a fireball (see Personality Portrait LXIX, pages 66 and 67), he expected the Rockefeller Foundation to move instantly to issue a grant to cover the cost of setting up the standard accounting system his report proposed for the big business of giving. When no such move occurred, he started to stump the country on his own time at his own expense. The farther he went the angrier he became. By the time I saw him, sparks of indignation were blazing from his eyes.

In addition to urging standard accounting practice, Dr. Hamlin's report suggested the appointment, with the approval of the President of the United States, of a National Commission on Voluntary Health and Welfare Agencies. No more than twenty leading citizens should make up this Commission, he said; they should be appointed by one or more of the independent foundations and should hold office for five years; during that period they should study and issue public documents on the problems of institutionalized giving. He did not explain how this group would go about learning the wishes of the 50,000,000 givers in America. But there surely must be some genuinely democratic means of answering the key question in his report:

"Can existing agencies be changed, combined, or terminated, and new agencies created to meet changing needs?"

The answer cannot be avoided much longer. The population of the earth is growing fast. All of us will have new and at first strange and difficult brothers to keep tomorrow.

—John Lear,
Science Editor

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

MORE ABOUT THE OCEANS

THE MAIN OUTLINES of Dr. John Gilvarry's ideas on the origin of oceans [*SR*, Nov. 4] seem geologically acceptable. A few of his secondary points seem to need revision—particularly that geological history starts with the fossil record of Cambrian time (p. 54, in column 2,) and that the continental shields are simply the eroded roots of the ancient mountain systems of lunar type . . . (p. 58, in col. 3.) Where large parts of the continental shields are widely exposed, as in Canada, the rocks that compose them appear to be fold mountains, like the fold mountains (of geosynclinal origin) of Cambrian and later times. Incidentally, the fold mountains are also markedly arcuate, or composed of a series of arcs, rather than straight (p. 58, col. 3.) These comments do no damage to Dr. Gilvarry's main points. However, traces of primordial "lunar" ranges probably disappeared entirely during the immense span of Precambrian history.

(The diagram on p. 54—or rather the last diagram of three there—would be improved if the primordial "lunar" mountains were shown to have deep roots projecting below the general continental depth of the Mohorovicic discontinuity.)

The events outlined in Dr. Gilvarry's theory would probably have taken place very early in the geological history of the earth—maybe after some known Precambrian fold mountain system had already developed—or even earlier in the pre-geological history. By "pre-geological history" I mean events so far back in Precambrian time that exposed rocks, which are the main documents of this history, are too young to record those events, even the rocks of the very ancient Precambrian shields.

The theory is essentially one of the astrophysics (and of geophysics), but if it withstands the scrutiny of astrophysicists, it will be welcomed by many geologists. It will be opposed or modified by those geologists and geophysicists who favor theories of "continental drift."

GERALD V. CARROLL,
Associate Professor,
Geology Department,
George Washington U.
Washington, D.C.

P.S. Dr. Gilvarry's article strikes me as an excellent presentation for the general reader, even if I carp a bit at some of his *secondary* points.

THE THEORY of Dr. John J. Gilvarry on the origin of the major oceans of the Earth is both ingenious and intriguing. Can you prevail upon him to add a postcript to his article, giving his hypothesis on the origin of the landlocked Arctic Ocean (including the Greenland and Norwegian Seas) in keeping with his theory?

NATHAN MINKOFF
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

DR. GILVARRY'S THEORY explaining the formation of the oceans by huge meteoric impacts is indeed intriguing. (*SR*, Nov. 4) Meteors, of course, strike at purely random locations, as illustrated by the five on the map, page 53. But there appears to be a consistent, relative disposition of land to sea areas around the globe that is not random, and which may help support the theory.

Some time ago I was interested in the possibility that the disturbance from a major earthquake, radiating out in all directions from the epicenter, might converge at the focal antipodal point on the opposite side of the earth, creating a localized quake there. But on locating such points for some great quakes, was surprised to find that none fell on land, where observations would be possible.

Pursuing this further, I superimposed the antipodal land areas on a Mercator chart (enclosed). The result is striking. Australia falls squarely in the North Atlantic, Africa and most of Asia in the Pacific, North America in the Indian Ocean, and, of course, the Antarctic Continent is opposite the North Polar Sea. In fact, the only appreciable "overlapping" occurs with Chili and Argentina over a strip in Eastern China. In short, a bulge (land) is practically always opposite a depression (sea).

In a perfect elastic system that is displaced and released, the initial position is restored after oscillations decay. But a highly damped or viscous system so disturbed may remain with a residual displacement. Thus, the bodily movement propagated through the earth by impact from a huge meteor may well result in a remaining bulge on the opposite side.

THOS. C. RATHBONE
Brooklyn, N.Y.

JOHN J. GILVARRY, in "How the Sky Drove the Land From the Bottom of the Sea" (SR, Nov. 4) presents a very plausible new scientific theory of the earth's evolution. However, he leaves the impression that the ocean floor is a smooth surfaced crater. This is not so. How would he explain the pronounced submarine mountainous topography within the ocean basins by his theory of meteoric impact? Certainly erosion does not occur in the depths of the ocean as it does on the continental land masses.

HOWARD K. FIELDING
Metairie, La.

I HAVE JUST READ "How The Sky Drove The Land From The Bottom Of The Sea" by John J. Gilvarry and hasten to congratulate you on your entry into the field of science fiction.

I regret only that you have failed to let us all in on the joke and to warn the public of Dr. Gilvarry's lack of knowledge concerning the earth. I, for one, wish him luck in remodeling our stodgy old world to fit his hypothesis.

MATTHEW F. NORTON,
Professor of Geology,
The American University.
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Gilvarry's new theory on the origin of earth's ocean basins was first published in* Nature, *the famous British scientific journal.* Nature *does not print science fiction.* SR's Science Editor *has invited Professor Norton to present his scientific arguments against Dr. John Gilvarry's theory. At the time these pages go to press, no reply to the invitation has been received. The other letters reproduced above were passed along to Dr. Gilvarry, who comments as follows:*

"A postscript such as Nathan Minkoff suggests would not be very satisfying. Geologists are not all agreed that the Arctic Ocean is a true ocean; many believe it is merely an inland sea. The reason is that no direct evidence exists that the Mohorovicic discontinuity rises beneath the Arctic Ocean as it does below the other oceans of the earth.

"Thomas Rathbone must share his discovery of the antipodal arrangement of ocean basins and continents with many predecessors. The arrangement has been the subject of some speculation in the literature. My theory does not yield any direct explanation of this arangement other than by pure chance. It is doubtful that antipodal focusing of earthquake waves could cause much effect geologically at the antipodal point. The reason is that shock waves are rapidly attenuated in going through the plastic earth.

"Howard Fielding apparently was misled by the sketches accompanying my article. These were intended to show gross overall features of the ocean basins only. My theory does not profess to explain the origin of topographic features in the ocean floors that are explainable by normal geological processes. For example, the mid-Atlantic ridge is believed to be volcanic in origin. Erosion certainly takes place on the ocean floors, due to turbidity currents."

QUESTIONS FOR EXPORT

JOHN LEAR is to be credited with giving the testimony before the Senate Foreigr Relations Committee a political significance that was absent from the original in "Exporting the American Revolution" (S/R Research, October 7. 1961.)

Bravo for Mr. Lear for suggesting that it is time that we consider that the United States should concern itself with exporting what is perhaps the most valuable thing we can offer the world: our political ideals. To this end, research might well be directed to such things as—What are the minimum conditions under which representative government can survive? What general level of education is required for a citizenry to exercise its legislative right in responsible fashion? Is an educated elite required to provide political leadership? What minimum standards of living are prerequisite to a person being concerned with more than the state of his stomach? What level of communications—in a common language and in the apparatus for disseminating information? What amount of experience in local self-government?

DOUGLAS HILL
Huntington, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If SR's Science Editor introduced bias into the Kennedy administration's international posture, no official has called him to account.*

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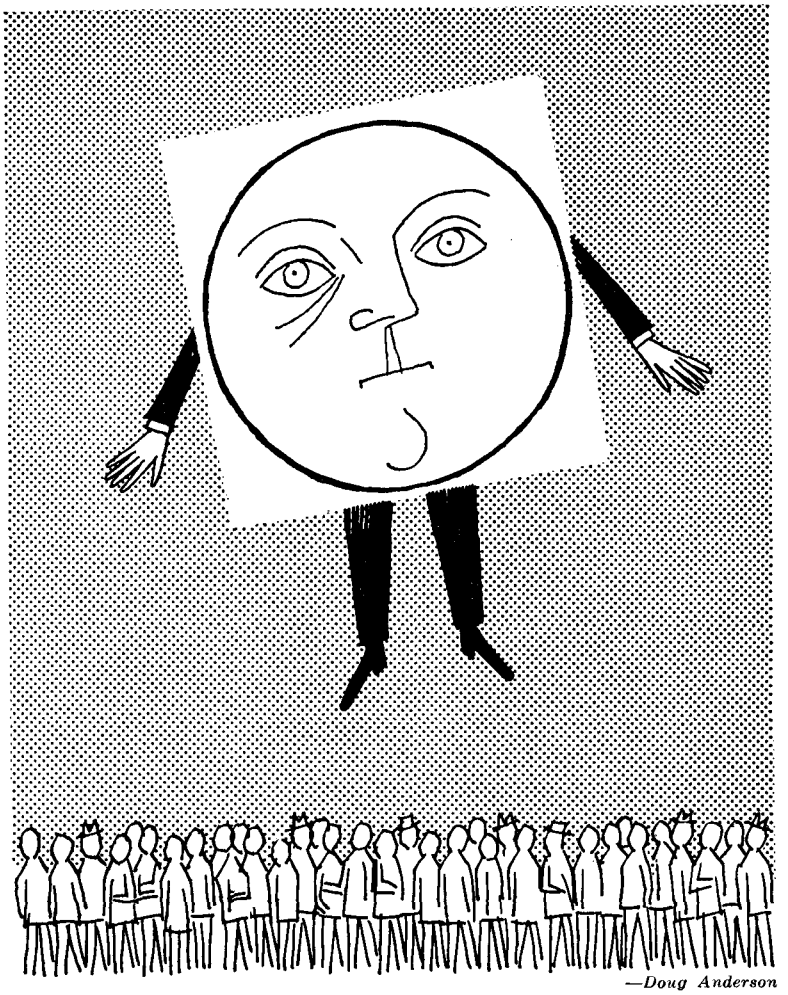
THE WELL ROUNDED SQUARE

He Knows Science And The Arts But Not The Ways Of People



—Doug Anderson

By GRAHAM DuSHANE

"'MUSICAL, literary, artistic, but I should say normal —a very charming girl.'

"Margaret's anger and terror increased every moment. How dare these men label her sister! What horrors lay ahead! What impertinences that shelter under the name of science!"

Thus does E. M. Forster, in his novel "Howard's End," epitomize the differences between the scientific-medical and the romantic-humanistic appraisal of personality. And Sir Charles Snow, in his "The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution," thus deplores the gulf between those educated in the humanistic and those educated in the scientific tradition: "Closing the gap between our cultures is a necessity in the most abstract intellectual sense, as well as in the most practical. When these two senses have grown apart, then no society is going to be able to think with wisdom."

The latest evidence that the gap exists is provided by the results of a text prepared by Kenneth Richmond of Glasgow University [published in the Educational Supplement of *The London Times*, issue of 29 Sept. 1961]. Each of more than 3,000 people (students and professors) was asked twenty questions in the arts and twenty in the sciences. Here are some of the questions in the sciences: "The *uncertainty principle* was enunciated by (a) Gauss; (b) Heisenberg; (c) Tinbergen; (d) Lamarck; (e) T. H. Huxley; (f) none of these. A *cloud chamber* is used in (a) an artist's studio; (b) an oil refinery; (c) a physicist's laboratory; (d) a weather ship; (e) an actor's dressing room." And in the arts: "One of these is said to have a *Blue Period*— (a) Henry Moore; (b) Cezanne; (c) Utrillo; (d) Balzac; (e) Picasso; (f) Rembrandt; (g) none of these. With which of the following would you couple the name of *Frank Lloyd Wright*? (a) Erick von Stroheim; (b) Jan Van Eyck; (c) Mies van der Rohe; (d) Gerard Manley Hopkins; (e) Schroedinger; (f) none of these."

The following tentative conclusions emerge; the average performance is surprisingly low; those who do well in science are on the average more one-sided than those who do well in the arts; and few do well in both fields. The averages range from a low of 3.2 out of twenty in the arts and 3.7 in the sciences for students at a woman's training college for teachers to a high of 7.3 in the arts and ten in the sciences for "sixth-formers" (grammar school students) in a public (equivalent to our private) school. Graduate students in university teacher-training courses did a little less well than the sixth-formers: 6.8 in the arts and 9.3 in the sciences in one university; 7.4 in the arts and 8.6 in the sciences in another.

It is not clear whether the pattern of one-sidedness and the attitudes that accompany it are set so early that broader education could not correct the imbalance, and whether, indeed, Sir Charles and Mr. Richmond are asking the most important questions. Would all be well if education could fuse the two cultures into one, as Sir Charles seems to imply?

What is extraordinary about this test and about Sir Charles's book is the assumption that knowledge of the sciences and the arts is alone worth considering. As Lloyd Fallers points out in the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* (Oct. 1961), Sir Charles almost completely neglects a "third culture—that concerned with man in society." So does the test. Education that neglects to give some understanding of politics, of history, of anthropology, of economics, and of the parts that science and engineering play and should play in a modern state, will hardly suffice to give us wise administrators in government and industry.

(The above essay appeared originally in Science, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.)

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

NASA

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Somewhere into space beyond earth's atmosphere, almost certainly. But how far, and in what direction? It would be suicidal for men themselves to attempt the initial probings. For no one yet knows the terrors of solar storms on the electrical sea surrounding earth. We will have to depend at first on information gathered for us by robots.*

But how will the robots get out there? They will leave the earth in rockets, of course. However, their travel after they are free of the atmosphere may take any one of a number of different modes. Perhaps the most intellectually appealing of these is sailing on sunlight.

The principles, the problems, and some of the possibilities of solar sailing are described below by a man uniquely qualified to write on the subject: Dr. Homer

HOMER NEWELL

National Aeronautics and Space Administration

ONE of the fascinating possibilities open to man in his exploration of the space outside earth's atmosphere is solar sailing. By this we mean sailing through the sky, pushed by the sunlight, in the same fashion that we now sail across the water, pushed by the wind.

As is well known, light exerts pressure on objects upon which it falls. For ordinary light beams, this pressure is very small. But it is real. For instance, sunlight that has traveled the 93,000,000 miles of mean distance from the sun to the earth presses down on one square foot of earth with a force of a little over 1.5 millionths of an ounce, which is 1,250 times lighter than the weight of an ordinary four cent postage stamp.

When it strikes lightweight objects before it has spent the energy it must spend to reach the earth, sunlight pushes considerably harder than it does at the earth's surface. The effect on the first Vanguard satellite has been quite remarkable, causing the satellite orbit to differ by some miles from what it would have been in the absence of sunlight. The effect was greater still in the case of Echo I, a balloon-like sphere 100 feet in diameter; the perigee (low point) of its orbit was pushed down several hundred miles in four and a half months. Without the sunlight effect, the perigee of the Echo would have remained relatively unchanged in altitude for years.

The idea of solar sailing is to use this pressure of sunlight to move large reflecting surfaces about in space.

An instrumented satellite might be put into orbit high above the earth by carrier rocket. Let us say the orbit is 1,000 miles up, in order that all of our sailing will take place above the atmosphere where we will not be slowed down by the drag of the air.

We now have rockets capable of lifting a 200-pound payload to that height, and such a weight is enough for our purpose if we use one half of it for the solar sail and the other half for an electronic rudder and a radio to keep in touch with the earth.

After the satellite is in orbit, the instruments in it will loose a heavy sheet of metallized plastic folded into a tight packet like a parachute. Since a circle of cloth can be folded more compactly than a cloth of any other geometrical shape, the sheet will unfold in space into a flat circular sail, perhaps 100 feet across, with a little ball suspended behind its center. In this ball will be the radio and the electronic rudder.

It may be easier to visualize what happens hereafter by taking a pencil and drawing on a piece of paper a small circle to represent the earth. Then think of the circle as though it were the equator, and as though you were looking down on the equator from above the North Pole. Next draw a dotted line from the circle to an altitude that we will call 1,000 miles, and then extend the dotted line parallel to the earth at that altitude until a circular orbit around the earth is complete. On the half of the dotted line that lies to the left of the earth draw an arrow pointing downward to indicate the direction in which the circular sail is orbiting, from west to east around the planet. The sun must be visualized far away, off the top of the sheet of paper, above and slightly to the right of the circle that represents earth.

You can see from your drawing that when the sunlight hits the circular sail while the sail is to the left of the earth, the light will drive the sail ahead a little bit faster than the sail would otherwise travel from the impetus it got from the carrier rocket. However, when the sail comes around to the right side of the earth, the light will hit from the front rather than from behind. Instead of pushing, it will act as a brake.

Therefore, to accomplish the purpose of solar sailing, it is necessary to turn the sail as circumstances require, just as a sea sailor tacks against the wind. If the thin edge of the sail faces the sun while the sail is moving against the force of sunlight, the sail will keep the added momentum it picked up while going away from the sun around the other side of the earth. And if, when the sail is again moving away from the sun, the circle of plastic cloth is once more turned full face to catch the sunlight behind it, the sail will get another shove.

This alternate sailing and coasting, sailing and coasting, will drive the sail out in a steadily growing spiral. At first, the force of the light working against the pull of earth's gravity, will be able to add no more than three miles to the original 1,000-mile altitude of the orbit every week. As time passes, however, and the sail gets further away from the earth, the daily jumps will grow taller. Eventually, if nothing is done to stop it, the sail will escape from the earth and follow a course around the sun as the earth itself does.

Solar sailing could be a very effective way of taking scientific measurements throughout a tremendous volume of space surrounding the earth. It would be possible, for example, to map the distribution of cosmic rays and other radiation particles as well as the shape of the magnetic field of the earth. There is much interest among scientists about what happens to the magnetic field on the nighttime side of the earth as opposed to what happens on the daytime side. We know in a general sense that the apple-slice shaped loops of the field toward the sun are flattened earthward and that the loops away from the sun are stretched away from the earth in teardrop shape. But much must yet be learned before it will be safe for men to venture very far into interplanetary space.

Given the 200-pound payload mentioned at the beginning of this paper, the 100-foot sail we specified could carry the required detection instruments and a radio powerful enough

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E. Newell, Director of the Office of Space Sciences, NASA.

A native of Holyoke, Mass., schooled at Harvard and Wisconsin, Dr. Newell began as a mathematician. World War II turned him into a physicist. He went to work for the Naval Research Laboratory in time to become a key figure in the launching of the pioneering American scientific satellite, Vanguard I. The following paragraphs on solar sailing were suggested by a passage in his newest book, "Express to the Stars", which McGraw-Hill published late in November.

to send back their findings from any point in the space between earth and its neighbor planet Venus.

Devices of the sort that could serve as a rudder for such a sailing expedition are already incorporated into the guidance and control apparatus of existing satellites and rockets. The rudder for the solar sail could be swung automatically at the appropriate times, but it would probably be safer to order the respective turns by radio from the ground.

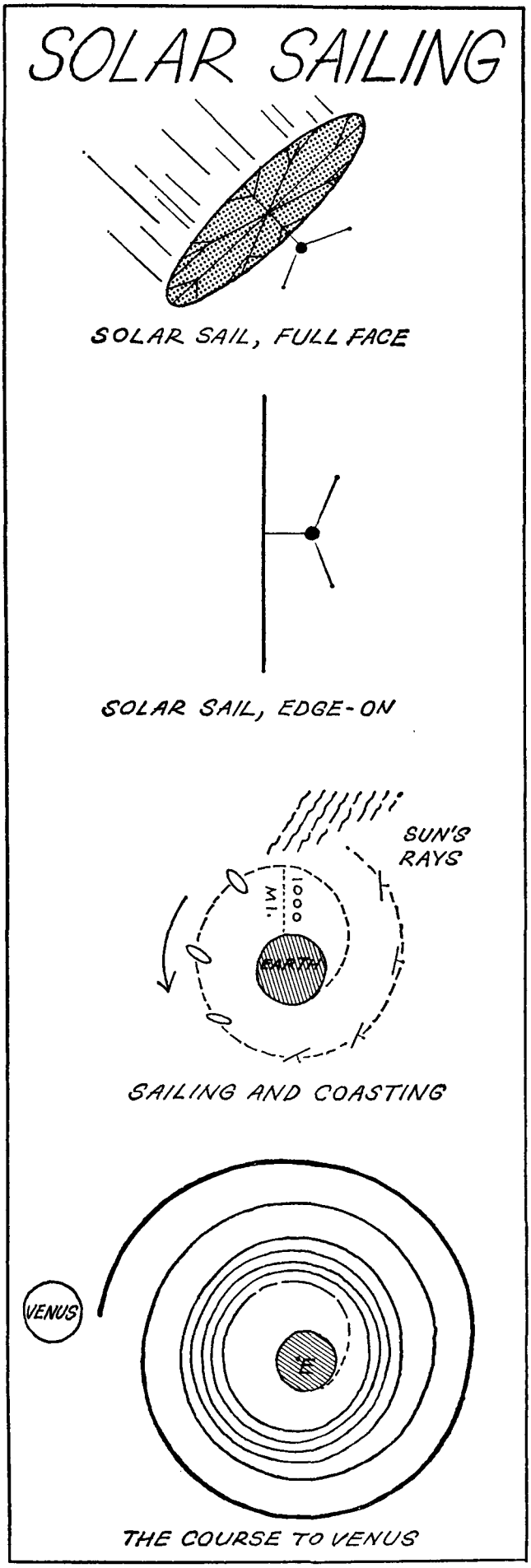
An extremely ingenious aspect of solar sailing is that by means of the proper maneuvers we can sail out to Venus and then turn around and sail back. Or we can sail part of the distance, come back only part of that distance, and sail out again. Outbound, the sail operates in the manner described earlier, picking up the energy of the sunlight, then coasting, picking up more energy and coasting again; inbound, the sail coasts when the force of the sunlight is behind it, rides full-face into the sun and slows down, coasts some more, slows down further, and so on.

All this could be said to be theoretical because no solar sail has been built yet. But the balloon-satellite, Echo I, is really a sail without a rudder, and sunlight drove it down from its original perigee of 900 miles to 540 miles between Echo I's launching in mid-August 1960 and 1 January 1961. After that, Echo I went back up again.

It is entirely conceivable that solar sails may someday prove useful for maneuvering other satellites in space. For instance, if we wanted to "park" a satellite in a twenty-four hour orbit, to make it travel at exactly the same speed as the earth does in turning and so remain above the same spot on the earth day and night, the sail could act as a governor and compensate for orbital aberrations.

We said at the beginning that solar sailing is like sailing before the wind on the water. And this is true. But the comparison is not exact. Solar sailing is more demanding sport than sailing a boat. On the water, a sailor can use not only the wind but the water as well to control his craft. When the boat heels over from the force of the wind, the weight of the resisting water cancels out some of the force and allows the boat to continue to move forward. Thus it is possible to sail a boat directly into the wind. A solar sail does not move in a resisting medium. It travels in the near-vacuum of space. Therefore, in maneuvering our solar sail we must play the force of the sunlight against the gravitational attraction of the earth and the sun. So the sail cannot fly directly into the oncoming sunlight. In a sense, gravity can be made to act like the water. But it is a very tricky art.

Would a solar sail be expensive? It would cost several millions of dollars. But we would learn from it a great deal we do not now know about the vast electrical sea in which we live.



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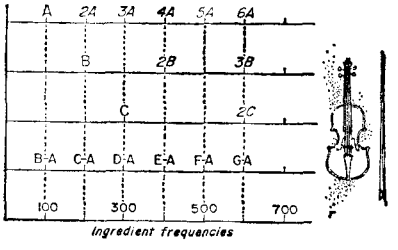
THE PYTHAGOREAN THEOREM OF MUSICAL MATHEMATICS

He really wasn't stringing his fellow Greeks along; he picked it out in intervals between philosophizing.

IF we listen to melody and harmony all over the world, and through history, we find so many things that turn up over and over that we are entitled to suspect the existence of physical causes for them. The Greek philosopher Pythagoras was one of the earliest we know of who thought about this in an orderly way. He based his theory of music on the fact that some of the musical intervals (that is, *differences* in pitch) between notes in the Greek scales seemed to be related in a direct way to the sounds given out by a string when it is plucked with some simple fraction of its length left free to vibrate. In more modern language, we say that a half-length string sounds the important interval of one octave in pitch above the full-length string, and a string which is constrained to vibrate over only one third of its length sounds higher by the musical interval of a "twelfth," and so on, making what musicians call a harmonic series of notes.

A certain amount of number juggling can show that almost all the musically important intervals of modern western music (and of most other forms as well) can be more or less deduced from the whole-number fractions of the lengths of a vibrating string. Now, it must be confessed that in order to do this one used to need not only a great deal of faith in the magic properties of numbers, but also a good knowledge of the musical customs which were to be explained. To the Greeks, and to many people who came later, the magic of pure number was so potent that they were quite willing to settle for the numerical relations they found, without ever asking *why* they came out that way. Some musicians with more logical correctness than physical knowledge have seized upon the Pythagoreans' need to know the musical answer beforehand as evidence that the numerical method of organizing music is a sort of peculiar accident. They are tempted to assert that all musical rules are a matter of custom and agreement, and that there is no absolute right or wrong way to go about choosing notes in music. My own belief is that music is *very* strongly affected by the manner in which things vibrate, and by the manner in which our ears work. It is certainly easy enough to show mechanical reasons why certain pitch intervals are special and distinct from their neighbors, in a musical sense.



I shall make use only of some mechanical facts of life. I shall say nothing about all the complex things which go on between the mechanical ear and the brain. These also have a big effect on music, but would lead us out of our depth and away from physics.

Let us start by asking what happens when we play successively two simple harmonic sounds of differing frequency. If the first note is played quite loud, we hear not only the frequency of that note, but also integral multiples of that frequency, $2f$, $3f$, $4f$, and so on. The response of the ear mechanism is responsible for this behavior, and the higher multiples are relatively weak in comparison with the lower ones. If now the second note played happens to be the same frequency as *one* of the family of sounds produced by the first note, we recognize it (unconsciously) as a repetition of something heard before, and so consider a note of this second frequency as being in a special relation to the first.

Everyone who has fooled with a guitar, or played a violin, knows that the pitch rises as the vibrating length of a string is decreased, and many of you will have heard in school that the frequency of vibration of a string is inversely proportional to the length of the string. This means that cutting down the length to one half will double the frequency, reducing it to one-third will triple the frequency, and so on. We can now see very clearly why Pythagoras' experiment with strings might be expected to correlate with his knowledge that there are certain especially interesting musical pitch relations.

You may feel that this little demonstration is not enough to lay the scoffing ghosts of untrammeled artistic freedom, and you are right. But it is a step in the proper direction, and a bigger step than it may appear at first. I am being a little rude here toward people who make a hobby of not knowing enough about their subject of specialization. Composers who, for example, preach the extremist dogma of the "twelve-tone scale," in which every note is on an even footing with every other one, are no better in their disregard of the physical world than are sculptors in wood who try to ignore effects of the grain on the texture, working, and strength of their carvings.

—ARTHUR H. BENADE
in "Horns, Strings and Harmony"
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(Doubleday Anchor Science Series).

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Literary Sampler

Continued from page 33

and Cressida" or any of the obscure plays, the way I might read Dashiell Hammett or anything else I read for fun, because Shakespeare's language has become my vocabulary through the years and it's a pleasurable experience to taste that succulent meat, which are his words. But when I went to rehearsal in "Othello," I didn't know what the hell I was saying and Margaret Webster, the director, had to translate, as it were, *"la plume de ma tante"* for me. Also, you know, Cyrano is an operatic role and therefore fascinating and graceful, but, psychologically, very simple compared to a Shakespearean role. "The Silver Whistle" I adored as a role and it's a performance of mine that I respect. I would dangle that as one of my kind of little crown jewels. But, you know, the motives of the Shakespearean plays and the tragedies are so enormous and so big in scale that they dwarf the "Shrikes" and the "Silver Whistles" which, from the standpoint of the actor, are just as taxing except that you can do them the way you would sing. After all, a Rodgers and Hammerstein song is a great, great musical experience, but they are not writing Verdi operas, and that's the difference, I suppose. I don't say that one is better than the other. I just say one gives you more, demands more, and you work harder. I'm not passing moral judgment. I'm simply saying which one taxes me most.

—From "Actors Talk About Acting: Fourteen Interviews with Stars of the Theatre." Arranged and edited by Lewis Funke and John E. Booth (Random House, $6.95).

The Press on the Press

NEWSPAPERS write about other newspapers with circumspection. The two surviving press associations, whose customers are newspapers, write about newspapers with deference. Newspapers write about themselves with awe, and only after mature reflection. They know and revere their awful power; like a prizefighter in a bar full of nonprizefighters, they are loath to loose it. That is why they wait until late in a Presidential campaign to let the public know which man they support. The public is not supposed to be able to guess. The newspaper of even moderate self-esteem thinks that if it stated at the beginning of a campaign which candidate it favored, the other fellow might cancel his speaking engagements and quit. To avert this contretemps, the newspaper holds its right cocked as long as possible, or until the unsuspecting fellow it is going to hit has got so far along with his campaign that he will be ashamed to pull out. The paper bites its editorial lip—or more accurately, the publisher bites the editor's lip. On eighty per cent of American newspapers, he makes the editor restrain himself until he can see the whites of the Democrats' eyes. On a dwindling twenty per cent, he makes him wait for the whites of the Republicans' eyes. (Headline over a story in the *World-Telegram* on October 18th: "U. S. DAILY NEWSPAPERS SUPPORT NIXON 4 TO 1, SURVEY SHOWS.") According to legend, though, the decision is unpremeditated. The editorialist, impartial, observes the conflict until, revolted by the gross idiocy of one party or the other, he can contain his wrath no longer. Indignation mounts within his breast, and the bursting point is reached. This happens on all papers at about the same stage of the campaign. They begin to pop all over, and the press associations carry the pops, gravely and without comment. The preponderance of pops is supposed to show the general trend of reasonable thought throughout the country—vox pop, as it were.

—From "The Press," by A. J. Liebling (Ballantine Original, 75¢).

Collectors of the Centuries

TO BE a collector is to advance in the social scale at a great pace. Connoisseurship can be a closer and more intimate link than class. The King of Greece wished to be invited to the beautiful home of a young baron in the Rue Saint-Louis-en-l'Ile. Spitzer, the greatest collector in the nineteenth century, descended from a noteworthy Austrian family, was never happier than when showing visitors round his objects. Afraid of missing a visit from a king or some important person, he never left Paris, even when his health gave out. It is said that he died because he would not leave for an indispensable cure of a resort.

Agostini Chigi, who wanted to pay a compliment to Pope Leo X, invited him to dinner and, as the courses succeeded one another, the gold plates that had just been used were thrown into the Tiber, under the eyes of the guests. Leo X was suitably impressed, but on the following day the gossip of Rome hastened to inform him that the ostentatious banker had had nets stretched under the windows, and that the complete gold set was once again in the prince's coffers. But nevertheless the effect was successful enough to be remembered five centuries later.

—From "The Strange Life of Objects: 35 Centuries of Art Collecting & Collectors," by Maurice Rheims. Translated by David Pryce-Jones (Atheneum, $6.95).

3

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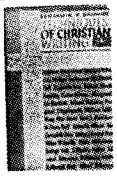

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Disarmament

Continued from page 21

Planning at the University of Pennsylvania. He said in his address to the New York Metropolitan Committee on Planning on June 16, 1960, that, "In the short term, there exists an irreducible number of substandard units that are not likely to be improved by the private sector, and we are rapidly approaching that number."

HOUSING researches estimate that reasonable goals of urban redevelopment, rehabilitation, and community improvement will require expenditure of as much as $100 billion a year. The total spending now runs to about $58 billion from both private and public expenditures. Furthermore, the private building industry has concentrated heavily on construction for the middle- and upper-income sectors of this society. Since 1945, private industry has provided about 1,000,000 units a year, but not for low-income families. During the coming years, about $2 billion will be needed annually to replace deteriorating housing.

New York City alone has about 9,000 acres of plainly recognized slum area. In fact, some estimates have it that the growth of slum areas is far outstripping the construction of low-income public housing. No complicated studies are needed to see the size and the intensity of the problem in New York City, Chicago, Washington, and other cities. Whole neighborhoods are taken up with buildings that are obvious firetraps and brutally overcrowded; entire families occupy a single room. The point here for the economics of disarmament is that the privately owned housing industry cannot provide these people with living space at an acceptable price that meets prevailing standards of social decency.

Plainly, there is plenty of constructive work to raise the level of life in the United States. Such an agenda offers great opportunities to the men and women who now spend their lives in military work.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 8, 1, 5, 2, 7, 3, 6. The poems cited are Marvell, "Bermudas." Stevens, "The Comedian as the Letter C," iv. Emerson, "Ode Inscribed to W. H. Channing." Ginsberg, "Howl." Pope, "Windsor Forest." Southey, "Madoo," Part 1, Canto 7. Longfellow, "The Bells of San Blas." Lawrence, "Quetzalcoatl Looks Down on Mexico."

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1445

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. River in Jewish folklore which seethes with hot stones every day but the Sabbath.	115 53 187 59 143 26 8 157 108
B. Entered unasked, unwanted (Dict. of Amer. Slang; 2 wds.).	76 132 39 185 101 109 173 153
C. Improvised, esp. during a break in a program in order to sustain continuity (comp.).	82 58 148 136 6 162 176 170
D. Fruit drink popular everywhere, as named in Britain (2 wds.).	74 14 144 91 42 161 84 155 186 35 44
E. Not satisfactorily nourished (comp.).	41 110 94 158 124 11
F. Medieval diaphony for three voice parts.	56 105 79 175 90 98 169 121
G. Garb of penitence.	30 69 46 135 55 180 129 43 17
H. Mischievous.	111 33 78 147 50 172
I. One of the greatest figures of radio (1894-1956).	130 102 73 38 80
J. Movable switch rail in a light industrial track turnout (2 wds.).	23 71 20 151 137 70 63 21 118 51
K. The legendary one over whose grave in Greece the nightingales are said to sing most sweetly.	114 127 13 182 125 85 22
L. Shapes by reducing width; eliminates possibilities (2 wds.).	179 86 128 167 154 36 54 81 104 146 64
M. Weak, characterless drink (comp.).	12 89 27 174 19 1 112 96 5 65
N. Resembling Paracelsus's creature which moved freely through the Earth as its own element.	141 28 178 52 45 149 4 62 188
O. Car on a certain inclined circular railway (2 wds.).	48 24 142 68 88 164 106 60 152 75 122 15 133
P. Followed by "judgment", faulty perception or discernment; by "fact", fundamental mistake (2 wds.).	93 87 25 163 123 61 97
Q. Figure in rhetoric, use of initial words of similar meaning in successive clauses.	95 138 159 145 119 103 40
R. Winnowed.	160 47 99 116 92 2 166 131
S. Ineffaceably.	139 10 165 3 150 72 100 34 181
T. Stupor or unconsciousness induced by drugs.	140 168 57 16 126 18 49 117
U. Continual, incoherent writing as a symptom of abnormal excitement (psychiatry).	29 67 56 31 37 9 184 177 113 77 107
V. Louisiana spotted sand piper (onomatopoetic name; comp.).	83 171 7 183 134 120 66 32

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 M	2 R	3 S		4 N	5 M		6 C	7 V	8 A	9 U	10 S	11 E		12 M
13 K	14 D	15 O	16 T	17 G		18 T	19 M	20 J		21 J	22 K		23 J	24 O	25 P	26 A
27 M	28 N	29 U		30 G	31 U	32 V	33 H	34 S	35 D		36 L	37 U	38 I	39 B	40 Q	
41 E	42 D		43 G	44 D	45 N		46 G	47 R	48 O	49 T	50 H	51 J	52 N	53 A	54 L	
55 G	56 U	57 T	58 C		59 A	60 O	61 P	62 N		63 J	64 L		65 M	66 V	67 U	
68 O	69 G	70 J		71 J	72 S	73 I	74 D		75 O	76 B	77 U		78 H	79 F	80 I	81 L
	82 C		83 V	84 D	85 K	86 L	87 P	88 O		89 M	90 F	91 D	92 R	93 P		94 E
95 Q	96 M	97 P		98 F	99 R		100 S	101 B	102 I	103 Q		104 L	105 F		106 O	107 U
108 A	109 B	110 E	111 H		112 M	113 U	114 K	115 A	116 R		117 T	118 J	119 Q	120 V	121 F	
122 O	123 P	124 E	125 K		126 T	127 K		128 L	129 G	130 I	131 R		132 B	133 O		134 V
135 G	136 C	137 J	138 Q	139 S	140 T	141 N		142 O	143 A	144 D	145 Q		146 L	147 H	148 C	149 N
	150 S	151 J	152 O	153 B		154 L	155 D	156 F		157 A	158 E		159 Q	160 R	161 D	
162 C	163 P	164 O	165 S	166 R	167 L		168 T	169 F	170 C		171 V	172 H	173 B	174 M	175 F	176 C
177 U		178 N	179 L	180 G	181 S		182 K	183 V	184 U		185 B	186 D	187 A	188 N		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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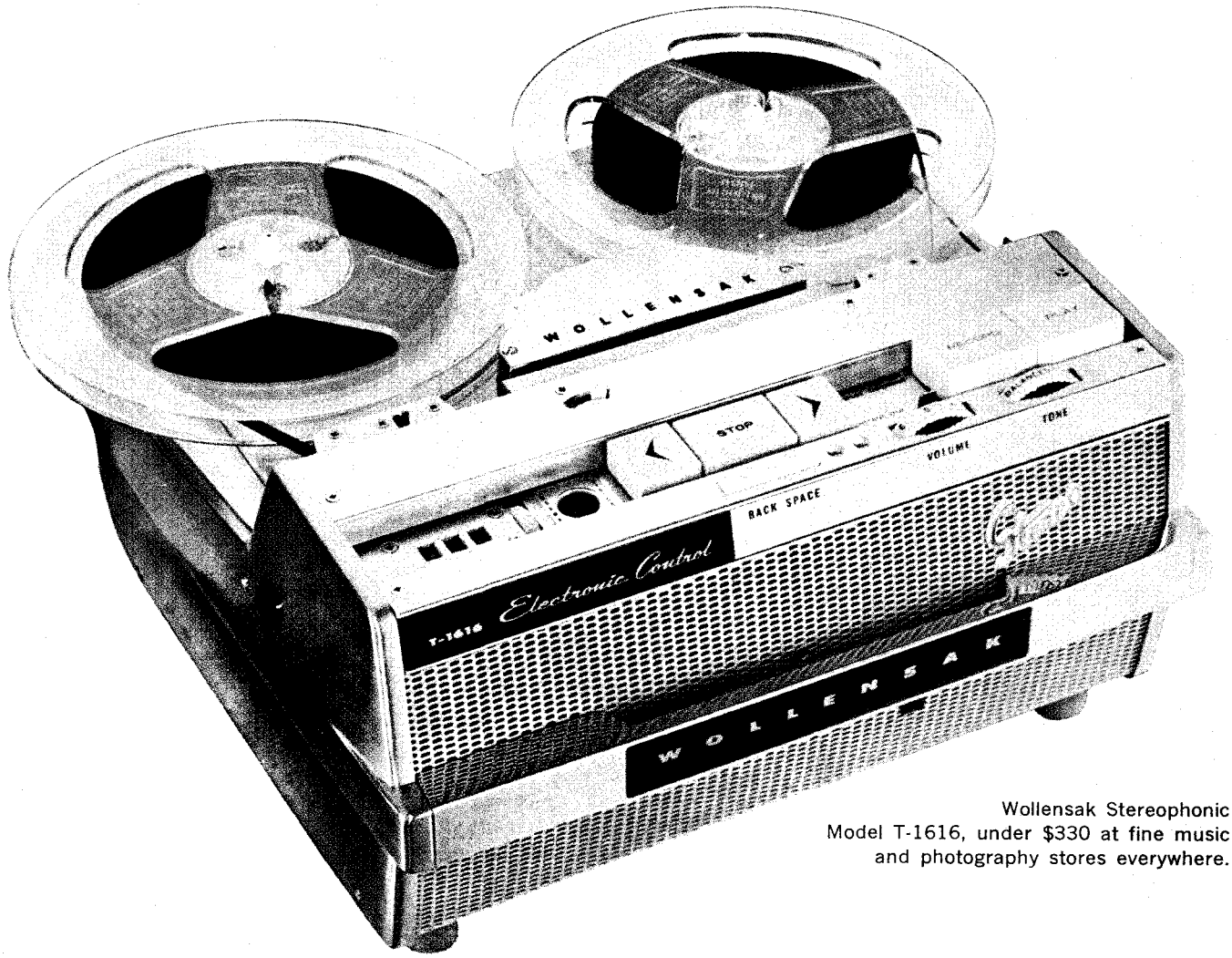

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